



No. 229.—VOL. XVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MR. HARE AS ECCLES, AT THE COURT THEATRE.

*"I 'ate pride: it's beastly!"*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH, NEW YORK.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falcons, fly at anything we see."*

"The Pope he is a happy man." How runs the pious *chanson*? It takes an unorthodox turn, I fear, on the subject of his Holiness's recreations; and, therefore, it is well that Mr. Andrew Lang has translated a poem, writ by Leo XIII. himself, correcting any heretical errors about the pleasures of the table. A Papal bill of fare is set out for the behoof of the faithful, who must be edified to learn that the head of the Church is partial to eggs and chianti, and a sworn enemy of truffles and embroidered napkins. I cannot quite follow the Pope on the subject of ornamental napery, which belongs, surely, to pure æsthetics and not to gluttony. Are the servitors at the Vatican permitted to shape the napkins like cardinals' hats, or is this branch of art sternly repressed as vanity? There is a restaurant in Paris—Paillard's of blessed memory—where it is by no means amiss to dine as a guest. Toothsome recollections of a particular *soufflé* are making pert grimaces at my conscience; but I will swear in any confessional that what I remember with special interest is the succession of napkins. There was a fresh one for every course, giving a sort of ineffable garnish to the evolution of the meal. I think of those snowy ministers as of stoles and surplices; they remind me of organ peals, of the voices of cherubim, and of incense; but the Pope may hold that these are wiles of the tempter, and I must admit that the incense has an odorous suggestion of the *soufflé*!

Eggs now, as the Papal muse reflects, can be cooked a hundred ways; yet is there no danger here of pampering the appetite? Why not the plain boiled egg, hard-boiled, for the august recluse of Rome? It will need a Council of the Church to distinguish between the iniquity of the embroidered napkin and the ingenuity of the Vatican *chef* in disguising eggs so that their own mothers would not know them. As for chianti, I have drunk it oft in the vineyards that about on Oxford Street, where the serpentine tendrils of the macaroni wind lovingly round the wickered bottle; and I believe it ranks with the village omelette of Northern Italy as a stimulus to piety. How the Italian taste for music, for the vendetta, and other violent delights, is nourished on this ascetic brew I never could divine. You may soften its asperity with a liqueur; but here comes the poetical Leo with another ban: liqueurs are the flaming myrmidons of evil. What do they say to this in the monastery of Fécamp, and in that religious distillery in the island of St. Marguerite? I see once more the genial monk who discoursed to me of the canonical virtues of Lérina, an agreeable fluid with the complexion of green chartreuse. I should like to ask him what he thinks of the Holy Father's dictum, and I have a suspicion that he would disclaim, with a twinkling eye, any pretension to be a judge of poetry.

What shall we eat and drink in honour of the Jubilee? By all accounts, the visitors already in town are exhibiting a singular abstinence. From pleasant restaurants comes a wail about poor business. Nobody dines, apparently, and, if the theatrical managers are to be taken seriously, nobody goes to the theatre. Is the Jubilee to be a fast instead of a festival? Are we going to show the universe that we are no longer great eaters of beef, but that we cultivate patriotic sentiment on the diet of anchorites? Time was when the streets ran with good liquor to stimulate popular rejoicing. In the "Lives of Twelve Bad Women" you may read how Moll Cutpurse left twenty pounds by will for this refreshment in Fleet Street Conduit to celebrate the Restoration. Moll had a loyal belief that Charles II. would come by his own, and I have no doubt that the Conduit poured out many libations to her sagacity. But Fleet Street will be comparatively dry at the Jubilee, though the Corporation of London could easily utilise the Griffin as an almoner to a thirsty multitude. Think of a cascade of beer issuing from the jaws of that fabulous monster! Alas! the fountains in Trafalgar Square will not even spout ginger-ale. There is no imagination in our festivity, no magnificent conceits of pastry-cooks, who, in the good old days, would have invented fantastic pies with huge effigies of Britannia in rich crust, reducing to submission waves of calves'-foot jelly. Instead of a patriotic riot of fancy we have Scotsmen demanding that the name of England shall be blotted out of our archives!

Still, there is no lack of ingenuity in the contrivances offered to the public for their comfort and entertainment on Jubilee Day. I receive circulars every morning explaining the unequalled advantages of the Hang-by-your-Eyelids Patent Sightseer. Armed with this I can attach myself to any projecting woodwork, to a chimney-stack, or a steeple. I have only to throw the grappling apparatus with dexterity, and I can spring out of the envious crowd on the pavement, and suspend

myself gracefully from a shop-front. Another device combines the convenience of a camp-bedstead with the aerial motive-power of a balloon. I can spend the night before the pageant in some sylvan retreat on the Surrey hills, and, at dawn, sail majestically over London to the window I have engaged for the day, or poise in mid-air just over our gracious Sovereign's head. If I send six postage-stamps and my address to an enterprising bird-fancier at Mile End, he will despatch relays of carrier-pigeons which will fly in at the window aforesaid, bearing packets of ham-sandwiches and small bottles containing spirituous elixirs. "Owing to the difficulty of obtaining food," says the circular of the carrier-pigeon, "many thoughtless well-to-do people will be literally starved on Jubilee Day." Imagine the spectacle of a famished plutocracy, vainly offering purses of gold to helpless bystanders for sustenance which is beyond their reach! Then think of the joy with which the clients of the genius at Mile End will hail the flock of pigeons bringing succour, as the ravens brought it to the Hebrew prophet in his cave!

But there is another crying need which, I fear, science is unable to supply. The Queen will be seen by a vast multitude; but how many of her subjects will be honoured by her special notice? That question is rankling in many loyal bosoms. "It is not for my own satisfaction," says Judson, "that I have gone to this confounded expense of hiring a window. You don't know my Aunt Maria. She has set her heart on being seen by the Queen, and if a royal smile is not bestowed on her, there'll be the deuce and all to pay! That window has ruined me, as it is; and if Aunt Maria is not satisfied, she is quite capable of leaving her devoted nephew out of her will. I haven't slept these three nights for thinking of it! How on earth am I to induce our most gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria to gaze at my ancient and exacting relative?" "Write to her Majesty," I suggest. "She has a kind heart. Ask her to look out for your aunt at a third-floor window, No. 999, Piccadilly, in bottle-green velvet—" "Confound it, man! The old lady detests every colour in dress except black!" "Then, say you'll wave a red flag. No, that won't do; you'd be taken for an Anarchist. I have it! Let your aunt down from the window by the Hang-by-your-Eyelids Patent Sightseer. If that doesn't attract the Queen's sympathetic attention, nothing will!" What a subject for philosophy! A national celebration unique in history, a royal progress through the streets of the capital, an unrivalled show of Colonial Premiers, and the miserable Judson at a third-floor window, wondering whether his Aunt Maria can be persuaded into the fond delusion that the Queen has bowed to her!

The Jubilee has set us all reviewing the literary idols of the Victorian reign. There is a tremendous dusting of pedestals, and here and there a god or goddess suffers in the general cleaning-up from a mutilated nose or a chipped elbow. Mrs. Oliphant, for instance, has taken Charlotte Brontë in hand, and tells us that "her philosophy of life was that of a schoolgirl," and "her knowledge of the world was *nil*." In spite of these defects, she achieved "realistic and incisive portraiture." I am puzzled to know how a "realistic" portrait—Rochester, for example—could be executed without some divination beyond a schoolgirl's experience. Charlotte Brontë's opportunities of observation were narrow, no doubt; but if she drew a man like Rochester with truth, what is the point of the distinction between her realism and her ignorance of philosophy? I remember that Mrs. Oliphant once confessed that she was no student of human nature, that she took good for granted, and had no interest in evil. Her own novels, so admirable in many ways, are simply variants of a contented and unobserving optimism. How is this philosophy of life superior to the schoolgirl's insight of "Jane Eyre"? Apparently, Mrs. Oliphant is still sorely troubled by the revolt in that book against the conventions of womanhood, as they were practised in the 'forties. "If there had been no Charlotte Brontë, there would have been no New Woman," seems to be the reasoning of the optimistic mind, which does not care to analyse human nature.

Truly, you cannot tell where the audacious spirit of woman to-day will carry her next. Here is a project for allowing our domestic servants to cycle. The heroine of Mr. H. G. Wells's delicious story, "The Jilting of Jane," attended her faithless lover's wedding, and blacked his eye with a boot which was aimed at the bride. If she had been able to cycle, Jane might have pursued the guilty pair, hurling maledictions at them, and more substantial missiles. Before long, no doubt, the housemaid will be up betimes in the morning to take her spin through the London squares, and the cook will keep down that opulence of tissue to which cooks are liable by "scorching" in the Surrey lanes on her "Sunday out." Don't ask me whether I think this revolution will benefit society at large. As an observer of human nature, I have no cut-and-dried opinions. They are the exclusive preserve of the optimist.



## THE PILGRIMAGES TO IONA.

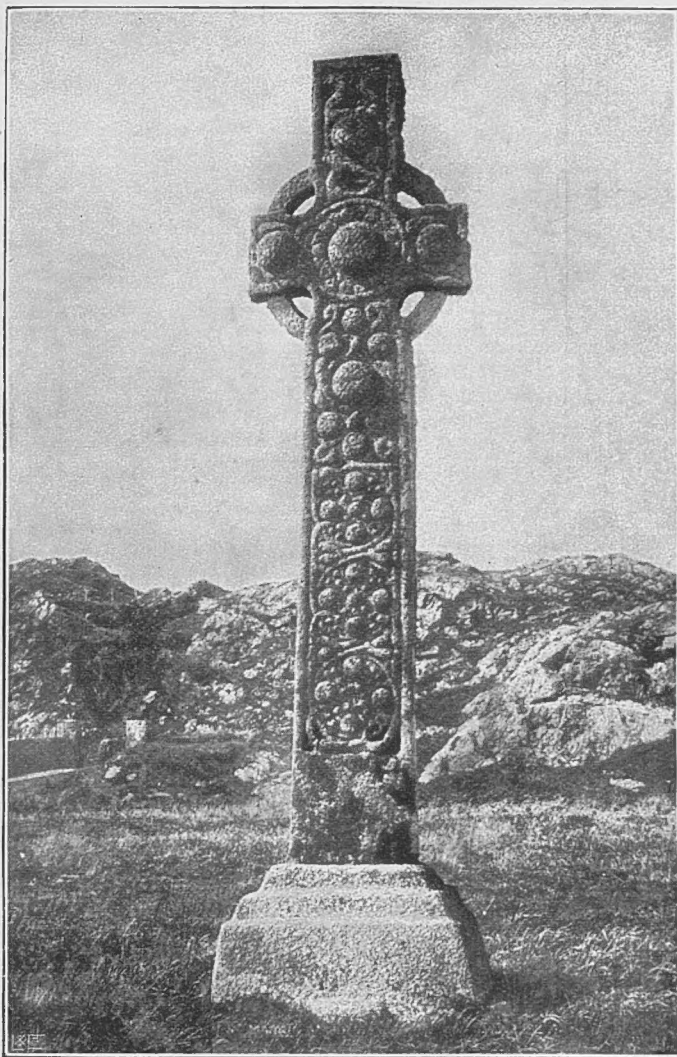
*Photographs by Wilson, Limited, Aberdeen.*

It is a sign of the times, speaking ecclesiastically, in Scotland that at this, the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Columba, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics are vying with one another in paying honour to the memory of the great apostle of the Celtic Church, the epoch-making missionary to the Scots and North Angles. Quite a cult of the Celtic Church has sprung up of recent years in the Church of Scotland, and the established fact that Columba and his disciples were pre-Roman, and the argument that they are therefore the heritage of Protestantism and not of the Church of Rome, have given rise to a controversy of considerable bitterness. However, for the pilgrimages of the past week, at all events, the hatchet has been buried between the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic Churches. The Church people, who secured possession of the holy places of Iona for the true death-day of the saint, roofed in and seated part of the ruined cathedral for the purpose of holding services, and courteously allowed the temporary structure to remain *in situ* for the Roman Catholic pilgrimage, which had perforce to be postponed till yesterday. Columba and his twelve disciples landed on Iona thirteen centuries and a-half ago, in coracles such as the hardest fisherman would not dare to brave these stormy Western seas in now. The pilgrims who visited his shrine during the past week were conveyed by Mr. Macbrayne's splendid steamers. The *Columba* took scores of the clergy and of devout women from Glasgow, and the *Grenadier* transported them from Oban to the island. Among the pilgrims of last Wednesday, the right anniversary-day, were Mr. Chinnery Haldane, Episcopalian Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, the *bête noire* of true-blue Presbyterians, and a small band of his clergy; but they went to hold a retreat merely in a little cottage-chapel, which is the sole foothold they now have on the cathedral seat of the ancient Scottish Diocese of the Isles. They had no dealings with the other pilgrims of Wednesday. These were Presbyterians and Established Churchmen to a man and a woman. The General Assembly smiled on this revival—just for once—of the long-tabooed practice of celebrating saints' days, and so the leaders of the Church, and not merely or chiefly those of the High Church and Ritualist party, took the lead in the services. The Presbyterian celebration, indeed, was bald and primitive enough to satisfy the fondest aspiration after sixth century rudeness. One can imagine that Columba in his wattle-hut had a higher ideal of "decency and order" in public worship than his spiritual heirs of to-day, who held in honour of his memory a plain Presbyterian service, with none but vocal music, supported by a "harmonium," and with no adornment of colour

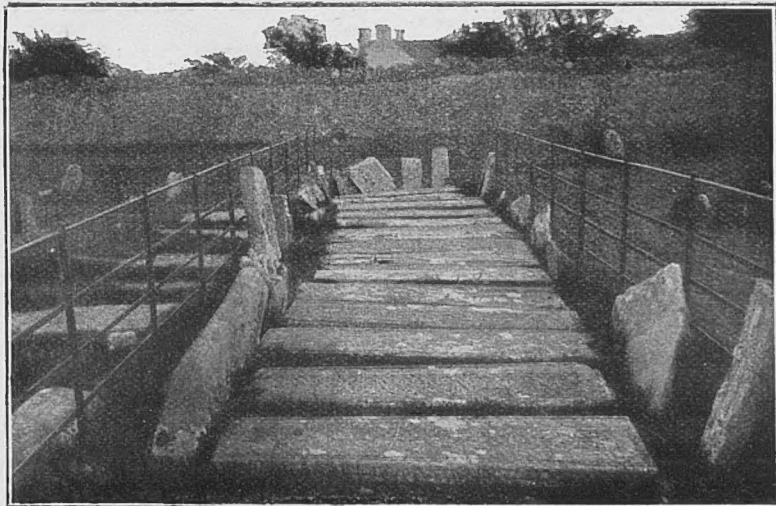
but glints from the gay hoods of the Doctors of Divinity. A table was spread with a white cloth, and communion was celebrated as a sort of adjunct to two sermons—one in Gaelic, by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod of Inverness (cousin of the great Norman of that ilk), and the other in English by that mighty orator, who knows not the limits of time, Dr. James Macgregor (commonly called "Jamie") of the Church of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland the other day sent a brotherly message to the Bishops who are about to commemorate the landing of Augustine on these shores. Dr. Macgregor claimed that the humble Celt and not the proud Roman missionary had the larger share in turning the people of Britain from Thor and Odin to Christ. It was altogether a curious business this Presbyterian pilgrimage, and Scots people are somewhat inclined to smile, if not to scoff at it. But, though the pilgrims were but tourists with a church-going as their overt end, the organisers were in dead earnest, and the services were in their way impressive. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who, besides being Scottish Secretary, is an active elder in the Presbyterian Church Courts, was present, and so were the Duke of Argyll's daughters, Lady Victoria Campbell and Lady Frances Balfour, sister-in-law of the Leader of the House of Commons.

As a spectacle, however, the pilgrimage of Wednesday could not compare with that which the Roman Catholics proposed to make yesterday. An acid-tongued ecclesiastic of the Scottish Church once remarked of a reverend brother, "A very good fellow—, but he has no figure for a procession." The jibe would fit the Presbyterian Church as a whole. Certainly the plain service of the true anniversary, and the Presbyterian ministers with their black Geneva gowns and little bits of academic hoods, could not hold a candle to the Pontifical High Mass which was celebrated yesterday by the Archbishop of Edinburgh, surrounded by clergy, and assisted by the choir of the Monastery of Fort Augustus.

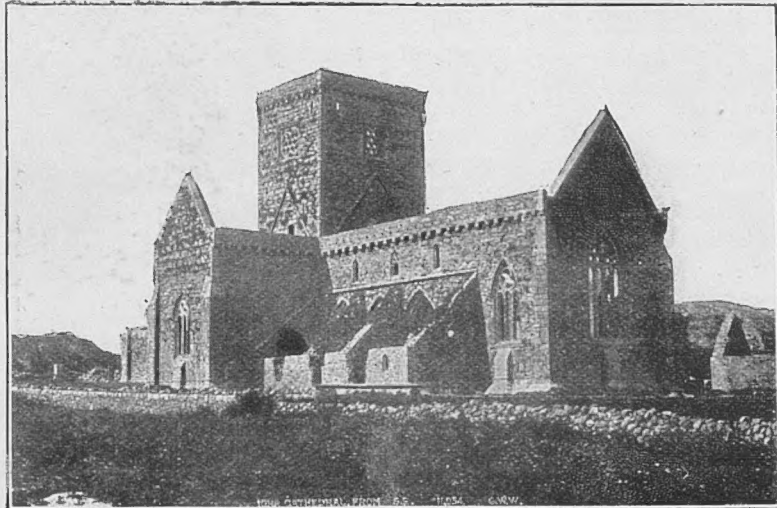
Iona is always interesting. There, for example, you see the ancient burying-place where the bones of the kings and chiefs of Scotland and Norway were brought for a thousand years to lie beside the Culdee saints, surely as strange a combination as the grimmest humorist could desire. No fewer than forty Scottish kings, four Irish sovereigns, one French monarch—to say nothing of innumerable Scandinavian chiefs and ecclesiastics, repose in this historic God's acre. There was a time, too, when the island was full of striking monuments; one of the most interesting now preserved is that which stands in front of the cathedral, and is dedicated to St. Martin. It is fourteen feet high, and is hewn out of a solid rock of mica schist, decorated with the wonderful symbols of the Runic sculptors. The island at this moment contains about nine hundred inhabitants, of whom strange stories of primitive culture are told. Beautiful beaches of white sand mark the coast.



ST. MARTIN'S CROSS.



THE TOMB OF THE KINGS AT IONA.



IONA CATHEDRAL.



## THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO.

It will be eighty-two years on Friday since England finally crushed Napoleon at Waterloo, but so far from making the series of events



NAPOLÉON.

From a Miniature by Aubrey.

which the victory capped out-of-date, each year witnesses an increasingly vivid interest on the part of Englishmen in the career of the Corsican. The American has led the way in popularising Bonaparte with the great masses of readers to whom tactics are so much Greek. Professor Sloane's colossal work, which is now appearing in book form, is the most splendid evidence of the extraordinary hold which Napoleon has acquired on the imaginations of the English-speaking people, and in London to-day you cannot turn your foot without encountering, in some form or another, phases of the great Emperor, as if we had not been

contemplating him for three-quarters of a century. The Lyceum has been crowded for weeks by "Madame Sans-Gêne," and the version of it in the original French at the Lyric will once again attract admirers of Madame Réjane. Among the curious collection of historical miniatures gathered together by Mr. J. Lumsden Propert, and now on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, Napoleon is to be seen in several art-forms. One of the most interesting items is the ring which Napoleon presented to Bernadotte, who became King of Sweden. The ring contains a cornelian stone, on which Jean Baptiste Isabey (1767-1855) painted miniatures of Napoleon, Marie Louise, and the tiny King of Rome. Quite recently a mask of Napoleon was found in Mexico, and the American papers have dealt at enormous length with the discovery. Whether the find is genuine or not, the interest which it has evoked shows that nothing Napoleonic is of too small importance to be talked about. The forthcoming holiday season will, as usual, attract many pilgrims to Waterloo, and certainly no spot of Europe possesses the same dramatic effect for the average tourist. The mound surmounted by the lion, standing in the very centre of the fateful field, is a very striking feature of the landscape, while La Belle Alliance, where Blücher and Wellington met, and past which the French Army came in full retreat, is a picturesque link in the absorbing story, which gathers in interest as the accumulated knowledge of years gradually adds to it. In fiction of almost every European country Napoleon has always figured, for his life, like that of Nelson, was encompassed by many emotional issues which make him immensely human in the face of the numerous aspects of character that have no such bearing.

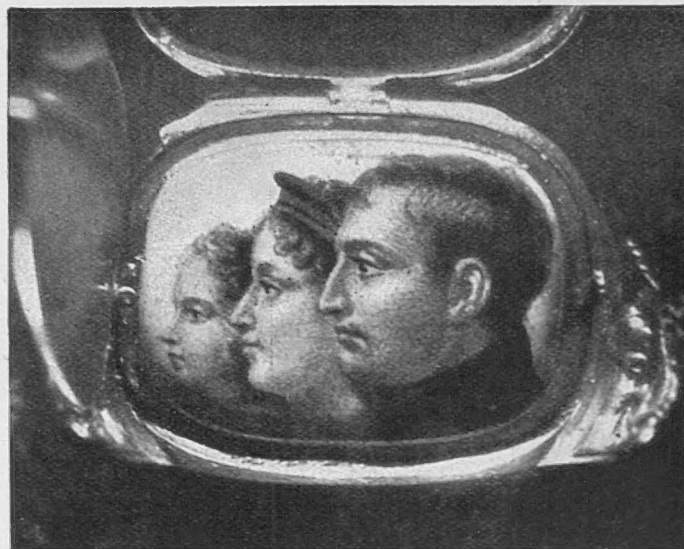


NAPOLÉON'S MASK.

From the New York "Herald."

## THE ROYAL OPERA

The continued indisposition of M. Jean de Reszke has delayed the production at the Opera of the works which were looked to as likely to make the artistic successes of the season. Time after time

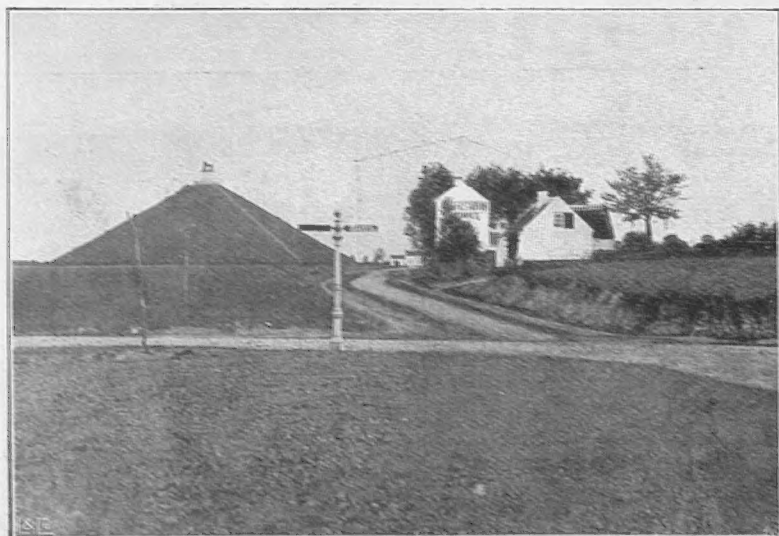


NAPOLÉON, MARIE LOUISE, AND THE KING OF ROME.

From a Cornelian Stone set in a Ring presented by Napoleon to Bernadotte.

"Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" have been announced, only to be withdrawn in consequence of that "continued indisposition." On the Friday of last week, accordingly, "Tristan" made way for "La Traviata," on the apparent principle, as a witty critic has suggested, of "Spell it with a T, Sammy." Whatever the principle may have been, it gave the Covent Garden management an opportunity of introducing Madame Clara Saville to the public in a part that was admirably suited to her capacity—that of Violetta, the rather tiresome heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias." She sang with great taste and judgment; her voice never failed in truth, in power, or in sincerity, and, particularly in the last act, her dramatic capability was almost triumphantly tested. She was assisted by M. Salignac in the part of Alfredo, and by Signor Ancona in that of the heavy father, Giorgio, who both made the most of the music and of the drama entrusted to them. In a word, if we are to have performances of "La Traviata," this is an eminently interesting cast; but the exchange from "Tristan" is somewhat curious.

On the Saturday M. Van Dyck took the part of Lohengrin in the original German version of that opera. One says "the original German version" by a sort of polite instinct, for the choruses were invariably sung in Italian, while the five or six principals sang in the language of the Fatherland. The effect was a trifle bizarre, but Van Dyck can conquer almost any incongruity of that kind by his sincerity, his spirit, and his glorious acting powers. His Lohengrin is somewhat more passionate and mortal than that of Jean de Reszke, who views the character more upon its ethereal and spiritual side; but both conceptions are eminently satisfactory, and it is difficult to make a choice. And so we go forward, with anticipations of "Tristan" and "Meistersinger" and "Siegfried."



THE LION MOUND ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Photo by Howard Roberts.



LA BELLE ALLIANCE, WHERE BLÜCHER AND WELLINGTON MET.

Photo by Howard Roberts.



# Queen's Diamond Jubilee Procession,

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The Company also takes over Messrs. Bagshaw Brothers and Co.'s Cycle Tool Department, with the right of supplying all cycle-makers with every description of tools and cycle-manufacturing plant.

The chief premises comprise the valuable building situate at 159, Queen Victoria Street, in the City of London, occupied by Bagshaw Brothers and Co., and held on a twenty-one years' lease from Dec. 25, 1896, at a moderate rental. These premises consist of a spacious show-room and shop, four floors and a basement, having a floor-area of upwards of 5000 feet, and are fitted up in handsome style as offices, warehouses, &c.

The premises No. 165, Queen Victoria Street, in the City of London, consisting of spacious show-room and basement, are specially adapted and fitted for the purposes of the retail trade, and are also held on rental on very favourable terms.

The Goodwill, Trade-Marks, Trade-Names, Plant, Machinery, Contract Rights, Fixtures, Fittings, Utensils, Chattels, Stock-in-Trade (manufactured and unmanufactured), Assets and Property (except Book Debts and Credits and Cash in hand), as the same stand on March 25, 1897, that being the date up to which the Vendors will discharge all debts and liabilities, and from which all profits will be taken by the Company and dividend paid upon the shares.

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" No. 520, Brixton Road, Brixton, S.W.

BIRMINGHAM: No. 6, Dale End.

SHEFFIELD: No. 37, Fargate.

COPENHAGEN: Exhibition Buildings, 7, Vestre Boulevard.

There are also profitable agencies in almost all the large towns of Great Britain and Ireland, and in many of the chief towns on the Continent of Europe. In addition, the connection with the colonies is a fast-growing and profitable business.

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The merits of the various articles of which (by Contracts) Messrs. Bagshaw Brothers and Co. have control, and the great favour in which they are held by manufacturers and dealers in cycles and cycle accessories throughout the world, are proved by the enormously increasing number of orders received.

That portion of Messrs. Bagshaw Brothers and Co.'s business which is being taken over by the Company has been for many years carried on in conjunction with their Engineering Houses in London, Paris, and Brussels. Until quite recently separate accounts have not been kept, and it would therefore be difficult to show a definite statement of the actual profit accruing from the Cycle and Accessories trade alone.

The books of the firm have been examined by Mr. Leonard H. Rusby, Chartered Accountant, of the firm of Bartlett, Rusby, and Co., London, who reports as follows:—

"College Hill Chambers, London, E.C., May 22, 1897.

"I have examined the books of Messrs. Bagshaw Brothers and Co., and hereby certify that the orders received from January 1 to March 25 of the present year represent a total of £53,003 2s. 7d., and the greater part of these have already been executed.

"The cost of these goods to Messrs. Bagshaw Brothers and Co. amounts to the sum of £40,006 13s., showing a gross profit of 24 per cent.

"Taking the before-mentioned three months' orders as a basis, a very moderate estimate of the year's transactions would show a turnover of £150,000.

"The Gross Profits on orders of this value would amount to ... .. £36,750

"From which deduct estimated expenses ... .. 15,000

"Leaving for distribution a Balance of ... .. £21,750

"Yours faithfully (Signed) LEONARD H. RUSBY, Chartered Accountant."

A profit of £20,000 would pay a Dividend of 20 per cent. upon the capital of the Company which it is now proposed to issue.

The Directors would point out that the foregoing estimate of profits does not include any return from the Cycle Tool Department. It is well known that this is one of the most lucrative branches of the trade, and a handsome addition to the Company's income may be anticipated from it.

The orders booked since March 25, 1897, show a further considerable advance; the Company takes them over, and they represent a valuable asset.

The price (including the Vendors' profit) to be paid by the Company for the entire business and Property has been fixed by the Vendors at £80,000, payable as to £40,000 in cash, and the balance in cash or shares at the option of the Directors. This leaves a balance of £20,000 available for present working capital, together with a reserve of 20,000 shares for further issue if required.

Full Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

London, June 9, 1897.

## THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

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Stand will be certified by the London County Council to be perfectly safe. London County Council Firemen will be in attendance on the Stand. Several Commissioners will be in attendance.

The prices of seats are the most reasonable in London:—

Front rows ... .. 3 guineas each.

Next rows ... .. 2 guineas each.

The Stand can be reached (by side entrance to avoid crowd) by all the Underground, Electric, and other Railways without crossing the route, and will be covered to protect from weather.

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## SMALL TALK.

Lord Stanley is the man of the hour in the House of Commons. As Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, he has to arrange for the feeding of the members and their friends on Jubilee Day. No more delicate or thankless function could be entrusted to any man. At all times, indeed, the chairmanship of the Committee exposes the holder to that most intense form of criticism which comes from either the stomach or the purse. Members' tastes and incomes vary so much that it is well-nigh impossible to please all. Formerly the House entrusted its refreshment department to a contractor, but now it keeps the arrangements in its own hands through a Committee. Lord Stanley, as chairman of this body, has more nearly succeeded than anyone else to please the fastidious habitués of St. Stephen's. Still, some acrid criticism continues to be heard. Fortunately, the young lord, as you may see from his face, has strength of character. If anyone doubted that, the doubt might have been removed by Lord Stanley's treatment of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's grievance with regard to the selling of liquor to strangers as well as members in the precincts of the House without licence. The law officers, having decided that this was a breach of the law, the noble lord brought in a Bill to legalise the existing practice. Obstacles were placed in the way of the measure by the teetotalers. Thereupon Sir Wilfrid asked if the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee intended to go on breaking the law. "Yes, sir," was the prompt, emphatic answer.

The House of Commons would not be quite itself without a representative of the great house of Stanley. For generations that house has played a distinguished part in Parliament. Lord Stanley, with the nominal post of Junior Lord of the Treasury, is meantime only an Assistant Whip. You may see him going from member to member—as Mr. "Bobby" Spencer used to go—inquiring if they are to dine in the House to-night. But he is only thirty-two years old. He is serving a useful political apprenticeship. His duties bring him into contact with members of all parties and enable him to discover what are their personal sentiments. Few men are more popular in the House. Although he has a mind of his own and pretty strong opinions, Lord Stanley is so frank and pleasant and unaffected in manner that he obtains the friendship of Radical and Nationalist as well as Tory. There is no humbug about this young lord; he looks perfectly healthy and happy, he puts on no airs, and he does not think it necessary to imitate the dress of a shop-walker.

The christening of the York baby at Sandringham was a rather quiet affair. The little maid was called Victoria Alexandra Alice May, the sponsors being the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Teck, the Dowager Empress of Russia, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the King of Greece, and Prince Francis of Teck. Strangely enough, the Scots capital figured largely in the ceremony, for the baptismal font was the gold bowl presented by the city of Edinburgh to the Duke and Duchess of York on their wedding, while the christening cake was supplied by Messrs. McVitie and Price, the St. Andrew Biscuit Works, Edinburgh. The cake, built upon a handsome silver stand of plain and chaste design, measured about thirty-six inches in height and twenty-six inches in diameter, and weighed about seventy pounds. The whole structure was pure white, relieved by bunches of lilies of the valley, and draped with delicate lace and handsome white ribbon. Above a large lily containing the figure of an infant rose a canopy of lace supported by Cupids, from which were suspended streamers of lilies of the valley, the whole surmounted by a handsome banner bearing the royal coronet and the initials of the infant Princess, "V. A. A. M."



PRINCESS VICTORIA'S CHRISTENING CAKE.

By far and away the best Jubilee Number issued is that of the *Illustrated London News*, which appears to-day. It forms in itself a most striking example of the extraordinary advance that colour-printing has made during the reign, and stands out as a marvellous half-crown's worth. The *English Illustrated Magazine* greets the great occasion with a very charming shilling number, full of varied interest and delightful pictures, including some beautiful specimens of intaglio printing. The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* has a character all its own, devoting itself to a profusely illustrated record of the sport, drama, and music of the past sixty years. As a supplement it gives a fine mezzotint reproduction of Landseer's famous picture, "The Queen in Windsor Forest." Next week *The Sketch* will give a most curious collection of unconventional pictures dealing with the reign.

The preparations for the Jubilee about St. Paul's and in the City generally are seen by too many folks to require description; but in another portion of the route, south of Westminster Bridge, I notice huge stands at St. Thomas's Hospital—which will, I understand, pocket a good round sum—and at the church where Newman Hall was wont to preach, and which occupies a fine position at the point where the Westminster Bridge Road and the Kennington Road meet.

Just in time for the Jubilee comes the little book on St. Paul's Cathedral, in Messrs. Isbister's "Cathedral Series." It is written by Canon Newbolt, and charmingly illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton. Mr. Henry Johnson has written a chatty account of Temple Bar and State Pageants for Messrs. Partridge and Cooper. It is illustrated by Miss Elsie M. Clegg.

I have received from Messrs. H. S. Croker and Co. a copy of their Diamond Jubilee Commemoration Card. It is entirely of English workmanship, being stamped from nine steel dies and coloured by hand. The photograph is a copy of the last taken of her Majesty in Drawing-Room robes. It is a very beautiful souvenir of the occasion, and a great credit to the designer. The price of the card, unframed, is half-a-crown, and framed, from four-and-six to six-and-six.

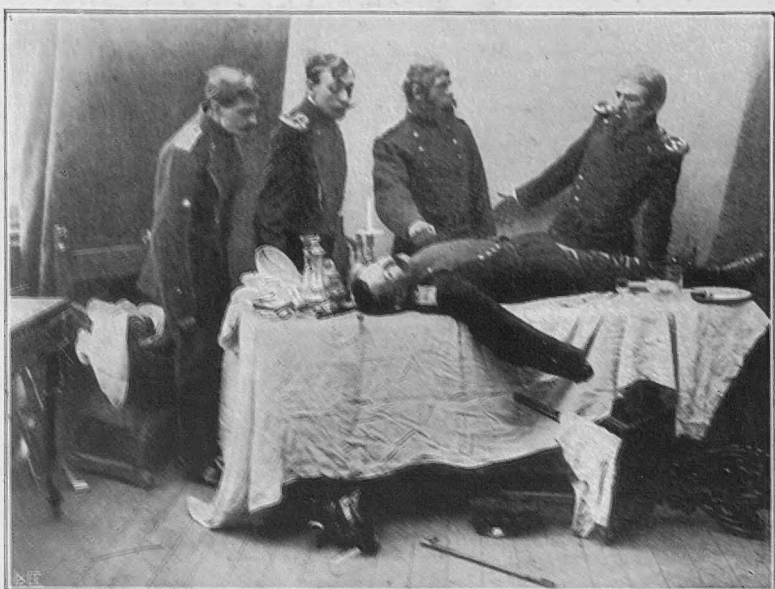
Mrs. Fawcett has brought her *Life of the Queen* up to date, Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. publishing a new edition. Miss Beatrice McEntire, the soprano, whose début I recently chronicled, has sent the Queen a Jubilee poem, beautifully illuminated on vellum, which her Majesty has graciously accepted.



THE QUEEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.  
Reduced from the Presentation Plate published with the Diamond Jubilee Number of the  
"Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."



The action of the Paris police in closing the Montmartre cabaret, the Grand Guignol, on account of the production of Oscar Métenier's "Mlle. Fifi" has caused a big sensation. The play is adapted from one of Guy de Maupassant's stories, and deals with the attempt of some of the



A STRIKING SCENE IN A FRENCH PLAY.

Photo by Paul Sureau, Paris.

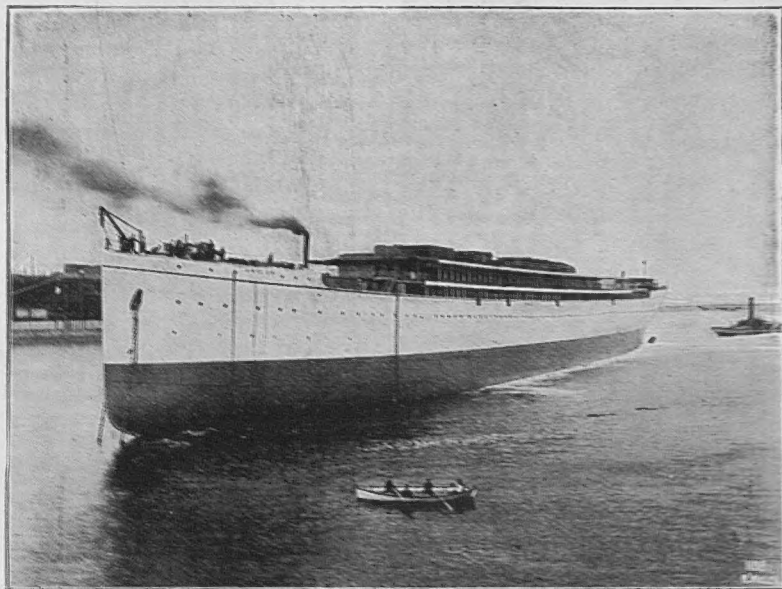
Uhlans to debauch a French girl during the German occupation. The drama had been played some scores of times in Paris, and nothing had been said; but since the recent outbreak of energy on the part of the French Censor special attention was paid to it, and it was forbidden on the ground that the presence of German uniforms on the scene was likely to lead to disturbances that might trouble diplomatic relations. Métenier thought he saw a way out of the difficulty. Directly the ordinary concert in the Grand Guignol was finished, he went on to the stage and announced that he had taken the theatre, and asked the audience to leave as usual, and then, after all the doors had been locked for the sake of formality, to re-enter by the side-door gratuitously, and as his guests. The police held that the entertainment came under their jurisdiction, and next day the cabaret was closed by the Prefecture. The illustration gives the most thrilling incident in the play—the end of the would-be seducer.

Notwithstanding the cherished belief of the Southron to the contrary, a kilted Scot is more rarely met with on his native soil than, say, in the Metropolis. The decision of the Inverness Town Council, therefore, to attire their newly appointed officer in "the garb of Old Gaul" is not without significance. It might, however, have been more in accord with the fitness of things had the Provost, who voted against the innovation, announced his intention of celebrating the Record Reign by assuming, in his official capacity, the national garb. The chief magistrate of Inverness, a quarter of a century ago, habitually wore the kilt, and, in passing through her Highland capital at that time, her Majesty was extremely delighted to be escorted to her railway saloon by the kilted Provost. One feels a certain misgiving on learning that the choice of the tartan has been left in the hands of the Council.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, whose fine vessels have done so much to popularise the down-river traffic of the Thames, have inaugurated

a new service to Ostend, touching at Southend and Margate. Leaving Fenchurch Street at 7.45 a.m., and Tilbury an hour later, the passenger arrives at Ostend late in the afternoon, and the return journey is made next day. The steamer *La Belgique* which has been put on this station carried a fair number of passengers on her first trip, and will continue to run from Tilbury on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, returning on the following mornings.

The new Union Liner *Briton*, which was launched on the 5th inst. from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, marks another advance in the South African trade. With a gross tonnage of 10,300, she is the largest vessel ever built for the Cape service—in fact, the largest vessel that will have up to now communicated with any of the British colonies. She is 530 feet long, with a beam of 60 feet, and a depth of 40 feet. She will have an exceptionally large accommodation for passengers on the bridge, upper, and middle decks. One of the features of this new ship will be her large promenade-decks. This is the third



THE UNION LINER "BRITON."

vessel of the name built for the Union Company, and the comparison between the three vessels may be of interest—

	First <i>Briton</i> .	Second <i>Briton</i> .	Third <i>Briton</i> .
Built	1854	1861	1897
Length	162.5 feet	248.0 feet	530 feet
Breadth	23.2 "	30.7 "	60 "
Depth	16.9 "	23.9 "	40 "
Gross tonnage	491 tons	1163 tons	10,300 tons

Sir Blundell Maple's philanthropy is not easily checked. At Harpenden he has just erected a charming Convalescent Home and Home of Rest for the Aged, designed on Elizabethan lines by Mr. R. W. Edis. The lower storey of the former is in red brick, and the upper in warm red tile. The upper parts of the Home of Rest are of timber, while a broad oak verandah constitutes an important feature in the structure. The Homes are within walking distance of Sir Blundell's seat at Childwickbury, so that the baronet will have a chance of being in touch with the working of the place, and of meeting again some of the employes of his great business. No more delightful place could have been found for the Homes than this spot.



THE MAPLE ALMSHOUSES AND CONVALESCENT HOME AT HARPENDEN.



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Lady Jephson's "Canadian Scrap-Book" is a sign of the times. Nowadays, so many Society women are making excursions into literature or art, it is a custom rather than an eccentricity to be intellectual, and drawing-room tables are full now of drawing-room books, some of which



LADY JEPHSON.

Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

are in print and full of pictures, while others may be in manuscript—revivals of the old-fashioned commonplace-book with extracts from favourite authors and sketches by favourite friends. This particular scrap-book has a special interest, inasmuch as its authoress was born in Canada and has several times visited that country since her marriage, and the drawings which illustrate the modestly bound white-paper booklet were done by her own hand. With French blood in her veins, and with a perfect knowledge of German and Italian, Lady Jephson is a charming type of the modern cosmopolitan, and, although her love of art inclines her towards the life in Italy, she has travelled a great deal in other foreign countries as well. She is at present established in a very pretty new house in Bolton Street, where she and her husband will be all the Season,

partly on account of Sir Alfred Jephson's work at the Imperial Institute. That Lady Jephson draws charmingly the illustrations in the "Canadian Scrap-Book" will show, and one of her most delightful drawings went to the Princess Charles of Denmark as a wedding-gift.

I notice that in the June number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* Dr. Yorke-Davies takes up a mild crusade in favour of temperance. He does not disfavour total abstinence, that is; but neither does he disfavour a moderate use of alcohol as a means of stimulating the faculties of enjoyment in this workaday world of ours. He distinguishes further as to the kind of alcohol which a man may consume without any real damage to his constitution. Like most of us, he has discovered that "Scotch" is like the little girl of the rhyme, who, when she was good, was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid. The rhyme says nothing as to the frequency of the little girl's virtuous fits, but with "Scotch" they appear to be very rare indeed. Wine made from the grape and pure malt-beer—these are the beverages which Dr. Yorke-Davies declares to be, if anything, profitable to the system, and, in the face of the enormous difficulty in obtaining dry and natural wines, he has information on the point for an inquiring world. Finally, he has the wisdom to note that which many temperance reformers forget, that there are excesses to be guarded against elsewhere than in alcohol, instancing his point by a reference to those temperance advocates "who are of such unwieldy proportions, and so corpulent, that they are unable to properly breathe, take exercise, or enjoy life, who, by want of that temperance in eating which they preach so much about in drinking, have brought themselves into a condition of disease and ill-health pitiable to behold."

Music-hall patrons who admire and laugh over the peculiar humour of that peculiar humorist R. G. Knowles, will doubtless note with gladness his return to London. Since October last Knowles has made a tour of the world. After six years' continuous work in the London halls, telling funny stories and singing songs in his original whirlwind style, his deep bass voice began to show signs of wear. So he went off on what was

intended to be a year's trip to Australia, for rest and change of climate. He is back sooner than was expected, not because he failed to catch on with the colonials, but because the management he was engaged under at Sydney went awry. No comedian ever visited Australia who was so popular as Knowles. The colonial audiences simply wouldn't let him go when once he came on the stage, and it was the usual thing for Knowles to extend his twenty minutes into half-an-hour, and then leave his clamorous admirers shouting for more. Above all things, the colonials took a fancy to that tuneful ditty, "On the Benches in the Park," and for five months Knowles had to give it to them every night. After the collapse of the Sydney management under which Knowles was engaged, he was quickly snapped up by Williamson and Musgrove for their gorgeous pantomime, in which he continued to give his lightning-like patter and songs and dances. In view of the Diamond Jubilee, Knowles hurried back to London sooner than he intended. The Tivoli-Oxford-Pavilion management couldn't have so humorous a person absent at this auspicious time. The comedian returned by way of the Pacific Islands and America, and he says it is a curious thing that, at every point he has touched in his tour round the world, except Sava, in Fiji, somebody has come up to him and said, "Why, it's 'Dick' Knowles! What on earth are you doing out of London?" Knowles has gathered a lot of new jokes and songs on his travels, and he is in good form now to fulfil the rest of his London contracts, which run to 1900. Two of his latest songs are entitled "Oh dear, no!" and "If that's your game, I'm going." I reproduce a novel combination-picture of the comedian in various phases of thought.

A helmet to prevent sunstroke has been invented by Mr. Tse Tsan Tai, an employé of the Public Works Department of Hong-Kong. The inventor is a young Australian, and a British subject, of Chinese parentage, and he was educated at the Grafton (New South Wales) High School and at Queen's College, Hong-Kong. The invention first occupied his thoughts in 1894, and it took satisfactory shape last summer. He has given the War Office the secret of his discovery, and claims that it can be advantageously applied to hats, boots, water-bags, bottles, and medicine-chests in the tropics. Mr. Tse Tsan Tai has not patented his invention, but has loyally placed it at the disposal of the British authorities, in the hope that it may be a boon to our troops on service in the tropics.



MR. TSE TSAN TAI.

There has been such a rush to get dresses for the fancy ball at Devonshire House that Alias, who has most of them to do, has had to seek the aid of some of his Paris *confrères* to enable him to execute the orders he already has. Quite recently the clever costumier was commanded to Marlborough House to a consultation as to one of the dresses his Royal Highness proposes to wear on the eventful occasion, and daily pourparlers are taking place as to the costumes other exalted guests will wear. Among the dresses already settled on are those of the Duke of Devonshire, who will probably represent a portrait of Charles V., after a painting by Titian; the Countess of Gosford, who will be a lady of his Court; the Duchess of Hamilton, and Mrs. Hwfa Williams—all of them being designed in the atelier in Soho Square.

A lawsuit, almost the converse of the time-honoured judgment of Solomon, has lately been occupying the attention of a French Civil Court. A certain young person who was not very much better than she should be, during her connection with a law student, now a full-blown barrister, became the mother of a boy, whom the father duly acknowledged as his own after he had ceased his relations with the fair frail one. She, on her part, was before long lawfully married to an honest cook, who, wishing to make his wife's position perfectly honourable, referred to the lawyer's child in the marriage contract, and formally legitimatised him as his own also. "Hence these tears"; and the French Law Court is still puzzled by the knotty problem as to whether the legal steps taken by the well-meaning cook deprive the barrister of the pleasure of bringing up his own offspring.



MR. R. G. KNOWLES IN VARIOUS PHASES OF THOUGHT.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.



One of the most singular mishaps that ever befell mortal bird is recorded in the *Field*. Sir Douglas Brooke recently shot a rook whose attitude in flight caught his attention. He found that the lower mandible had penetrated the skin of the neck, and, passing through the loose tissues, emerged again about three-quarters of an inch lower down, the unfortunate bird thus having its head held as if by a tight bearing-rein. Mr. Tegetmeier offers the only possible solution of the puzzle, suggesting that the rook, while preening its neck-feathers, accidentally pierced the skin with the sharp tip of the beak so high up that it could not withdraw it. The beak is fully one-third longer than normal, a fact due to the bird's inability to dig. It was in tolerably good condition, so it must have picked up a living somehow; perhaps it depended on the kindly offices of friends. The length to which the beak had grown proved that it had been unused for at least a year.



MR. A. B. BAYLIS.

Mr. Alfred Byron Baylis, a tenor singer who is to give a concert at the Steinway Hall, is a nephew of R. H. Horne, of "Orion" fame. He has written and composed several songs, one of which will be produced at his forthcoming concert.

Few boys nowadays are dubbed Hamlet at their birth, and yet that was the second name of the late Mr. Willie Fredericks, whose death at the early age of twenty-seven, after an illness of some months, will be much regretted by all who took an interest in the theatrical affairs of Stratford-atte-Bowe. Mr. W. H. Fredericks had done admirable work there as manager both of the old Theatre Royal and, more recently, of the splendid new Borough Theatre and Opera House, and his premature decease has thrown into mourning a very large professional family. I must use the same words with regard to the death of Mr. Henry Colin Hazlewood, lessee and manager of the Star Theatre at Wolverhampton, whose father, C. H. Hazlewood, wrote numerous dramas for Mrs. Sara Lane at the Britannia, where some of them still hold the boards. One of Mr. H. C. Hazlewood's children—all of them professionals, I should observe—is Mr. Bert Gilbert, a clever comedian, fortunate in being the husband of that brilliant artist Miss Ada Reeve.

As there has been some talk of a comic opera of transatlantic renown, "The Wedding-Day," being produced in the West End this autumn, I may point out that its composer, Mr. Julian Edwards, is known in the United States for having written various important operatic works, and that the librettist, Mr. Stanislaus Stange, based his book on a French story, "La Petite Fronde." On the New York production of "The Wedding-Day," a couple of months ago, leading parts were filled by Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Lucille Saunders, formerly well known over here, and a popular American operatic comedian, Mr. Jefferson d'Angelis.

On the termination of Mr. Douglas Cox's three years' engagement as business manager at the Alhambra, a testimonial is being organised to show the good feeling entertained by very many music-hall frequenters and others towards as popular, amiable, and energetic a man as was ever seen "in front of the house." Mr. Douglas Cox has proved his versatility by doing many things well in the course of his career. He began life as a choir-boy at St. Paul's; he has been a newspaper publisher, a ballad singer, a tenor vocalist in light musical pieces; and he and his wife, who is known as an accomplished pianist, have done much to make clear the position and rights of dramatic authors. Mr. Cox is, further, a linguist, he has managed all sorts of enterprises in the amusement world, and his son, Mr. C. Douglas Cox, has appeared in sketches at the music-halls. The father, who is just over fifty-four, oddly enough played for a long time in Burnand and Sullivan's "Cox and Box."

M. E. Thomas Salignac, the new tenor who made his first appearance at Covent Garden as Don José in "Carmen," is a native of Marseilles, where he was for some years a very popular violinist. However, he found that he had a tenor voice of unusual quality and range, and at once decided to go to Paris to study under M. Duvernoy, one of the professors at the Conservatoire, and after graduating he sang for two years at the Opéra Comique. Last season he went to America with the Abbey-Grain operatic company, and there scored successes in "Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "La Traviata," "Philemon and Baucis," and other operas.

Many people will remember that bright little boy actor, Master Leo Byrne, who made so charming a hero in David Christie Murray's



M. SALIGNAC.

"Ned's Chum," and afterwards did such excellent work with the Lyceum company as Geoffrey, the child of Rosamund and Henry II., in "Becket." Master Leo Byrne, I note, has just been appearing in the provinces with one of Mr. Ben Greet's "Sign of the Cross" companies, playing the tortured Christian lad Stephanus, a character filled with such agonising intensity by Miss Haidée Wright at the Lyric.

Parisian French is indeed becoming Anglicised with a vengeance. The first words in a criticism of Signora Duse's opening performance at the Renaissance Théâtre are "Great attraction." They are set in italics, but the mere fact of their being used at all shows that French journalists nowadays pay some attention to the English papers.

Mr. Frank De-Jong, the lessee of the Opera House, Cape Town, is at present in England organising a dramatic company to visit South Africa. He has arranged with Mr. George R. Sims for the sole rights to perform such well-known pieces as "The Harbour Lights," "In the Ranks," "Master and Man," and "Two Little Vagabonds." He has secured the Olympic version of "The Two Orphans" from Mr. Henry Neville, who will rehearse the piece himself. These plays, with the addition of such tried successes as "Caste" and "East Lynne," will form Mr. De-Jong's repertoire. Mr. De-Jong has arranged with Mr. Leonard Rayne to direct and produce the plays. The company will be a strong one, such well-known names as Messrs. George Harker, Charles Kean Chute, Arthur Walcott, Miss Amy Grace, and Miss Constance Elgin will be included in the cast. The company will leave in the *Moor* on Saturday. Mr. De-Jong intends to visit Kimberley, Durban, Maritzburg, Port Elizabeth, and East London, in addition to playing a season at his own theatre in Cape Town. It is a number of years since melodrama has visited South Africa, and a prosperous season is expected.



MR. DE-JONG.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

Regret has of late been expressed that no sitting of the present Session at St. Stephen's has been enlivened by a speech from Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for East Edinburgh. In the Northern capital the hon. member is still best-known as "Doctor," as, besides being a D.D., he for a considerable period occupied the Divinity Chair in Edinburgh University. Some score years ago Mr. Wallace dominated—some might say domineered—by virtue of his great ability as a ready and humorous speaker and his ecclesiastical lore, the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk. At present there is a certain amount of disaffection in his constituency, and the other week Mr. Wallace alluded to himself as being in the unique position of having an "association devoted to his political extinction."

It is noteworthy that since Mr. Wallace defeated Mr. Goschen a dozen years ago, the *Scotsman* has maintained an altogether unusual silence with respect to the occasionally erratic member for the Eastern Division of Edinburgh. Mr. Wallace, by the way, does not regard his four years' tenure of the editorial chair of that paper as an important chapter in his life-story. All the same, his connection with the *Scotsman* will form an interesting portion of the Reminiscences he purposes publishing—though the work is not yet begun. Not long ago Mr. Wallace sustained a double bereavement, and he has not yet completely recovered from an influenza attack in the spring—circumstances that may account for his quiescence. Just now he is busily engaged on a monograph of George Buchanan, the Scots Reformer.

It would seem to us in England an extraordinary thing if, within a few hundred miles of our big towns, we could be landed in the midst of four hundred beings the remnants of a race that existed several centuries back and had been arrested in their civilisation. Yet such things still occur in the States. Professor McGee, the ethnologist, has just been investigating the manners and customs of a strange people, the Muskewi, who inhabit a small tract of land in Iowa. They are strictly aboriginal, and have clung tenaciously to the customs of their forefathers. They even offer up sacrifices, the dog being held as a sacred animal. In their domestic habits they are about as primitive as Zulus. The Professor wished particularly to study their legal code, but, after a consultation with his braves, the chief, Kakikakenuk, informed him that their laws were secret. As they are averse to the white man, and treat him with extreme condescension and hauteur, they have been little studied; and they do not appear desirous of making friends with the race which has deprived them of their territory and driven them into a corner, which was scarcely to be expected.

Apropos of the statement made by a writer in these columns that Mr. Poultney Bigelow did not write the articles about Russia for the Harpers, I should say that he did slip the Russian police and did do half-a-dozen articles, which were afterwards published in book form under the title "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser," published in England by Gay and Bird.



The hospital at the Piræus is one of the fruits of the English National Fund which the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* started on behalf of the Greek wounded. Mr. Henry Norman had only just returned from Greece when he was called up to become honorary secretary of the fund, a task which kept him busy night and day for several weeks on end. On the other hand, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick left for Greece to act as superintendent of the English nurses, of whom nearly thirty have gone out. One poor fellow, on leaving the ward, asked the nurse who had attended him to write her name on a slip of paper, so that he might be able to mention it in his prayers. Captain Pirie, M.P., exerted himself to much purpose in organising the fund on the spot. To praise the nursing arrangements is also, of course, to pay a well-won tribute to Mr. Abbott, the able London surgeon who has



THE BATTLE OF VELESTINO, ACCORDING TO A GREEK ARTIST.

As in the war between China and Japan the artists of the former nation exerted all their imagination in picturing the "barbarians" being cut off to a man, so in the war which is happily now ended the Greeks, with more patriotism than veracity, set out in all the glory of colours (and bright ones too) their several victories over the Turk. The upper illustration represents a scene from actual history—the repulse at Velestino by General Smolnitz (or Smolenski, as the Greeks call him) of the over-ardent invaders. It is true, of course, that Smolnitz was hastening rearwards at the time, but this could not spoil the fine efforts of the draughtsman.

The General is the large-sized figure in the middle, over whose unharmed head a shell is bursting. He is described in the text as *Tureophagus*, and it may be said without hesitation that he was the only Greek General who



THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" HOSPITAL AT THE PIRÆUS.

Photo by A. Gaztades, Piræus.



PATIENTS AND NURSES IN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" HOSPITAL.

Photo by A. Gaztades, Piræus.

had charge of the medical expedition, and to Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Davies, Mr. Fox-Symonds, and Mr. Osborne, who have assisted him. There can be little doubt that the whole working of the English hospitals will be an education in the care of the wounded such as a wealthy nation has rarely been privileged to give to a poor nation struggling to advance. The direct interest which the Princess of Wales manifested in the undertaking has found a fitting echo in the kindly visits of the Queen, the Crown Princess, and other members of the Greek royal family to the hospitals. Indeed, the hospital at the Piræus—it overlooks the beautiful Bay of Phalerum—was established in a villa which the Queen of Greece had first given up to the Cretan refugees. These were moved elsewhere, and the hope is entertained that the Phalerum hospital may be made a permanent military one, as such an institution is very much needed by the Greeks.

exhibited "Turk-eating" tastes throughout the campaign. The Greeks are well intrenched, and their guns from a commanding position rain shells which decimate the Turks. On the other hand, the Turkish fire is light, and comparatively innocuous. In the lower



THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF THE GREEK ARMY AT NEZEROS, ACCORDING TO A GREEK ARTIST.

illustration, which represents the fighting at Nezeros from a Greek point of view, the servants of the Padishah are in full flight. The Greeks wear the national petticoat, with red caps and shoes, and are urged on to their work of slaughter by a man of more than mortal stature, who carries a Greek flag and dominates the whole scene, while on the extreme left the crescent is being replaced by the Greek colours. In the foreground the Lake of Nezeros rolls greedily up to swallow the Turkish gore, which is laid on with a generous hand. The pictures represent things as the Greeks would have had them, not as they were.

Instead of uniting all hearts, as it ought, the Jubilee has reawakened the implacable Scot who won't be called "English" to a sense of his grievances. He has even invoked the aid of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who has substituted "British" for "English." But that won't do.



MISS EDITH JOHNSTON.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

What is wanted is a sort of from-the-cradle-to-the-grave word denoting the whole Empire. Will Mr. Whiteley, as the universal provider, add to his Jubilee responsibilities by turning word-coiner? Mark the conditions—

The cry for an omnibus word  
May strike you perchance as absurd—  
The Kingdom's United, but Scotland feels slighted  
By names where its virtues are slurred.

It holds that the wonderful Reign  
Should honour the Brucean brain.  
And hits upon "British"; but Paddy is skittish,  
And looks on the term with disdain.

No, "British" is not what we need,  
Just think of that curious seed  
That grows on the Border (now brought into order),  
The people of Berwick-on-Tweed.

And then there is brave little Wales,  
With plenty of wind in its sails,  
It claims to be Cymric, like Leinster or Lim'rick,  
Its people not Saxon, but Gaels.

This mystical word must enclose  
The land of the Lady of Snows,  
Australia the torrid, where heat is so horrid  
That people wear minimum clo'es.

And the word must include in its flank  
Our marvellous cousin the Yank,  
For kindred's devotion considers the ocean  
No greater divide than a tank.

Nor can such a cipher escape  
The task of including the Cape,  
Though, I don't mind admitting, the word that were fitting  
Is scarcely yet ready to shape.

So the want of the day is a sort  
Of an omnibus stowaway word—  
A symbol that tacks on the Celt to the Saxon—  
At least, if it doesn't, it "ort."

Such a word must be Germany-made,  
With the huge polysyllable's aid,  
And maybe the Kaiser will act as adviser  
By plying the lexicon-trade.

Miss Edith Johnston, who is playing in "The Yashmak," has not been seen of late so often as the charm of her style at the beginning of her career warranted, and though she looks pretty in the piece, "The Yashmak" does not give her a great chance.

"The Circus Girl," as you will note from two pictures given on another page, has been produced at Daly's Theatre in New York. All the company are American except Miss Blanche Astley, who hails from London. Miss Nancy McIntosh, erstwhile of the Savoy, plays the title-part, Miss Virginia Earl is Dora, and Mr. Cyril Scott is her lover Dick.

Having made a great notoriety in America, Anna Held has returned to the Palace Theatre. An American correspondent writes me this estimate of her, which I print for its extraordinarily big-brush style. "This most successful little lady of the music-halls, whom I suspect of having studied devotedly some demoiselle Vieux-Sèvres, is so exquisite a reproduction of a dainty short-skirted beauty to be seen on a famous vase as to encourage a comparison. Indeed, she might not inappropriately be stood on a pedestal in an old French drawing-room as an ornamental companion-piece to one of those ormolu clocks of which the Louis' were so fond. A little woman, perfectly modelled, her round arm and small, shapely hands being the gauge of her proportions, she is all grace, charm, vivacity; and never was little lady more perfectly fitted, from shoulder-strap to slipper-point, or more becomingly attired—for Mademoiselle Held has artistic tastes as well as artistic curves. Her beauty is exceptional, and is far removed from either the insipid or the merely sensuous. Her forehead, from which the brown hair rolls back in a gentle, loose pompadour, her sparkling, saucy eyes, her well-turned chin, the delicate, firm nose, the poise of her head, the very manner, inform you that she is exceptionally bright, intelligent, and fine-grained for a *chanteuse*, even a *chanteuse de Paris*. To say that she is a *chanteuse* is, of course to admit that she has an element of piquancy that is somewhat akin to *risqué*, but the very daintiness of Anna Held and the refinement of her art make this seemingly ineradicable peculiarity of French music-hall singers an addition rather than an objection to her general attractiveness. Mademoiselle Held, besides her French songs, sings two or three English songs with a ravishing accent that her possible imitators will find it difficult to acquire. She has a voice as smooth as velvet and as clear as a bell-tone, its melody and sweetness compensating for want of largeness. So much is said of her that, when she first comes dancing into view, your expectations may suffer a momentary disappointment, but it is only momentary; and when she trips off, flinging little kisses broadcast, you are very eager to have her back again; and when you



MADAME HELD AND HER PET TIGER.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

have quitted the theatre, your brightest and most agreeable memory of the evening will be of this little French lady, prettily holding back her skirt with both hands as she leans forward to coo and smile a parting bit of song at you."





MDLLE. ANNA HELD.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKER, COLUMBIA, OHIO.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It has generally been remarked by travellers among savage nations that in barbaric music the sense of rhythm comes long before a notion of tune. The beat of a drum or blast of a shell can only be made artistic by repeating the monotonous sounds in such a way as to convey an intensified effect to the listening ear. To the uncivilised ear all pieces of music in the same rhythm are the same, or so very much alike as hardly to be distinguished. And the masses of our population are still uncivilised as regards music.

They have, indeed, a perception of tune, and pick up a catchy air soon; but still it is the rhythm that does it—that and perhaps one phrase in the tune. If one listens to some popular music-hall or operatic song that is sung and whistled all over London, one soon discovers that what is sung is not the tune as composed, but a simplified and occasionally very much vulgarised version, which is easier to remember. If the composer has redeemed his melody from triviality by some device of varying the cadence of his phrases, by some subtle break in the sameness of the rhythm, by some chromatic passage, the multitude ruthlessly ignores his poor little precautions, and roars out the song, massively monotonous, mechanically regular, implacably diatonic. Add to this the necessary eclipse of the harmonies, and the musician who has composed a popular tune may well feel (if he *be* a musician) something like Frankenstein when his monster stalked the land in murderous activity.

This tendency of the unmusical to ignore the refinements of melody, and reduce a popular tune to a crude embodiment of a characteristic rhythm, is largely responsible for the cuckoo cry of “plagiarism” or “reminiscence,” generally echoed from critic to critic on any occasion of the production of a new musical piece. It is such a safe thing to say, particularly when one does not know anything about music. For comic music must follow the rhythm of the words, and the variety in the rhythms of verse is far less than in those of music; the time must be obviously marked, and the phrasing strongly accentuated, and the essential parts of the melody must be repeated enough to force them on the attention of the audience.

Now, as the rhythms in use are few, it must often happen that a tune has nearly the same rhythm as some very well-known popular favourite. The melody may be entirely different, but it is the rhythm that has impressed itself on the mind of the unmusical hearer. Very probably he has only a hazy recollection of the exact notes of the familiar old tune, and would be utterly unable to hum over the melody of the new tune. But he *does* know one thing—that the new tune gave him the same sort of shock at the same intervals as the old one. That is enough for him, and he at once pronounces that the composer has plagiarised from his predecessor.

Now, when the permissible rhythms are so few, and the composer is bound down by the additional limitations of his words and the necessity for being simple and obvious in methods, a good deal of unconscious reproduction of melodies must take place. And the composer of the new tune is naturally the very last person to notice any similarity. He has got his air without thinking in the least of a somewhat similar tune; perhaps he never heard it, but, at any rate, it is not present in his mind. If he does reproduce any older melody, it is probably some classical theme of a century ago, from which, very possibly, the other composer has also borrowed.

When a musician wants to plagiarise, his method is simple and easy, and will never be detected except by a person with an ear for melody, so that he is tolerably safe from dramatic critics. He merely takes some well-known air and alters the rhythm. He need hardly change the melody, though he usually does. A few fresh harmonies, and the trick is done. Though not a composer, I would myself engage to “write” an opera whereof every tune should be stolen, and nobody should know it.

This is enough to show the absurdity of this parrot cry of “plagiarism” which is so often raised—and never on account of tunes that are *really* borrowed. I have known a composer charged with imitating “Tommy Atkins” in a number. He was using a dance-tune of his own, written three years before anyone heard of “Tommy Atkins.” I have myself induced a composer to change a melody because a few bars of it were exactly similar in rhythm to part of a popular music-hall song, which, to my knowledge, came out two years after the composition of his tune, but before the production of his piece. Yet, if he had brought out the song unchanged, he would have been accused of plagiarism.

The fact is that a real musician, with a knowledge of his craft, does not grasp the full measure of public ignorance. He knows that he has not taken his tune from a music-hall ditty, and is not sufficiently careful to guard against similarity which must be accidental. He knows that a melody which has a well-known rhythm has not a note the same as a familiar air in that rhythm, and he cannot understand that, for many, perhaps most, men, the rhythm is all they can appreciate or retain.

Some day, perhaps, a composer will write a piece for a wager and steal every tune; and I wonder how many of the critics will detect one of the tunes,  
MARMITON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

At least one book of poetry has been published this year that we can hand on confidently to other generations. It is not incautious to prophesy that Mr. Francis Thompson's poetry will last, especially as the prophecy must be coupled with the conviction that in no age could he be popular. His “New Poems” (Constable) sustain his reputation amply, and give the impression of further reserves of power. The volume is not one to recommend lightly, for such words as “trifid,” such phrases as “accipitrine to pursue,” are apt to discourage a reader with only half an hour a week to spare for poetry and with inadequate dictionaries. But, for all his difficulty and his intricacy of design, Mr. Thompson has simple things to offer, too, and these are of exquisite beauty. “July Fugitive” is a gem without flaw. Fancy is at its daintiest in the search for the “pretty maid” who “has chidden in a pet all her stars from her,” and has fled out of the ken of “breezes, wheat, flowers sweet,” in spite of offered great rewards—

I will throw largesse of broom  
Of this summer's mintage;  
I will broach a honey-bag  
Of the bee's best vintage.

Listen to him telling of the lures that are used to wile her back—

Shake the lilies till their scent  
Over-drip their rims;  
That our runaway may see  
We do know her whims:  
Sleek the tumbled waters out  
For her travelled limbs;  
Strew and smoothe the blue night thereon,  
There will—O not doubt her!—  
The lovely sleepy lady lie,  
With all her stars about her!

But though he can sing and dally thus, it is not fair to give such samples as notably characteristic of his verse. Mystical exaltation is more habitual—

Secret was the garden;  
Set i' the pathless awe  
Where no star its breath can draw,  
Life, that is its warden,

Sits behind the fosse of death. Mine eyes saw not, and I saw.

And though he has the art to sing with light grace of a field-flower, the “Ode to the Setting Sun,” with its gorgeous pageantry and its splendid richness of allusion, is more in the style native to his genius—

The earth was suckled at thy shining breast,  
And in her veins is quick thy milky fire.  
Who scarfed her with the morning? And who set  
Upon her brow the day-fall's carcanet?  
Who queened her front with the enrobed moon?

Who lit the furnace of the mammoth's heart?  
Who shagged him like Pilatus' ribbed flanks?  
Who raised the columned ranks  
Of that old pre-diluvian forestry,  
Which like a continent torn oppressed the sea,  
When the ancient heavens did in rains depart,  
While the high-danced whirls  
Of the tossed scud made hiss thy drenched curls?

This is no weakling voice. Poetry may raise her drooping head.

Among the very few who can write biography at the present day must be named the Polish historian Waliszewski. To his other Russian studies he has now added a *Life of Peter the Great*, which, in its English translation, has just been published by Mr. Heinemann. It is a brilliant book, a profound study of human character, and a dispassionate and learned survey of modern Russian history. He interprets the man through the country, and the country through the man, in a way that has never been attempted before; and he has come near the truth, one cannot but think. “Peter is Russia,” he says—“her flesh and blood, her temperament and genius, her virtues and her vices. With his various aptitudes, his multiplicity of effort, his tumultuous passions, he rises up before us, a collective being. This makes his greatness. . . . There is no need to call his figure up. He stands before us, surviving his own existence, perpetuating himself—a continual actual fact.” Nevertheless, he does call the figure up, makes it move before us in its manifold shapes—the barbarian and brute, the open-minded, enlightened politician, the greatest experimentalist that ever wore a crown, the sensualist and the man who first gave women a dignified place in Russian society, the autocrat who put no limit on his pretensions to power, who was also hail fellow well met with sailors and humble craftsmen. But we cannot attempt to suggest a tithe of the parts he played. It is a strange, a terrible story, full of sickening pictures, and fascinating by the power of the living human force, hurrying this way and that, ever in motion, sleepless, superhuman in effort, which compels admiration from the most rebellious. It is a timely book, too, and M. Waliszewski knows it. “The eyes of the whole modern world,” he says, “have long been fixed—some in sympathy, others, again, dark with suspicion and hostility—on the mighty sea of physical and moral energy which surged up suddenly between Old Europe, wearied out with eager life, and Ancient Asia, wearied, too, with the stillness and stagnation of hers. Will the common destinies of the two continents sink in that huge abyss? Or will its waters prove another Fountain of Jouvence?” He hopes, and with reason, that from his book some clear notions may be gained as to the meaning and the possibilities of Russia. o. o.





THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 3.)

QUEEN BHANAVAR.

*Now the King Mashallud espoused Bhanavar, and she became his Queen and ruled him, and her word was the dictate of the land.*

# THE DUMPIES

FRANK VERMILION.  
ALBANY, N. Y. 1897.

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

On the east boundary of the Land of Low Mountains lies the sea. It washes over a wide stretch of sandy beach, and here in summer-time the Dumpies often gather to enjoy the surf and the warm sunshine. Their bathing season opens in June, and early in that month they begin laying plans and preparing their wardrobes for their summer outing. They have joined together in building a wide, low-roofed cottage facing the ocean, with spacious apartments for the Dumpling and Dumpling-ee, and ample room for all the band. The start for the seashore was this time far more imposing than usual because of their many new friends.

The She-Bear proudly carried  
The Dumplings on before  
(The Dumplingette between them),  
The Cubs their luggage bore.

Behind them marched the others  
With boxes, bags, and all  
The glory of the summer  
And seaside festival.

And when the glow of sunset  
Was on the sea and strand,  
They reached their cottage dwelling  
That stood upon the sand.

And here the days went gaily  
With feast and summer joy,  
And Commodore was happy,  
And so was Jolly-boy.

With Topsy-loo and Wide-out  
They wandered hand in hand,  
Or sported with the billows  
Upon the shining sand.

One morning at sunrise, when they were going for an early plunge, they met a strange bird, tall and with large wings. It was the Penguin, who at that time was a bird of speed both by wing and foot. Its manners, also, were more polite than those of any other bird. The Dumpies were a bit startled at first, but a low bow and smile from the stranger reassured them, and they were soon very good friends.



Topsy-loo was charmed with the Penguin's breeding, and invited him, if he had no other engagement, to join them in a morning swim. The Penguin did have very pressing business elsewhere, but, being so polite, did not mention the fact, and soon they were all diving through the foam-topped billows. They were in the midst of this pleasure when suddenly a wave, larger than all the rest, rushed in, and seizing Topsy-loo and Wide-out, bore them far out to sea. There was a wild shriek from Commodore and Jolly-boy.

"Oh, Penguin! Penguin! save them!"  
In agony they cried—  
The Penguin so obliging  
Swept bravely o'er the tide,

And dropping down between them,  
A wing he gave to each,  
And gracefully escorted  
The maidens to the beach.

# POLITENESS OF THE PENGUIN



And when once more in safety  
They stood upon the sand,  
They urged this gallant stranger  
To join the Dumpy band.

And though he wished sincerely  
Himself he might excuse,  
His breeding was so gentle  
He couldn't quite refuse.

And when they wined and dined him  
From early until late,  
To please the merry Dumpies,  
He ate and ate and ate.

He ate, and kept on eating,  
Of rich and dainty things;  
His legs grew short and shorter,  
And shorter still his wings.

He quickly gave up flying;  
His legs he used no more,  
Save every day to waddle  
Politely to the shore.

And soon, of all amusements,  
He only cared to swim;  
And every day the Dumpies  
Grew fonder still of him.

And thus the Penguin became a more complete Dumpy than any of the birds, except his cousin, the Auk, who came in the Fall to see him,



and by spring was almost exactly like him in appearance. They both gave up the habit of flying and became ocean birds entirely, and are the best-known swimmers to this day. The Penguin still joins the Dumpies at their summer beach, and is still the most polite and gentle of birds.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## DEATH AT THE TRADE.\*

Mr. R. H. Sherard has just published in book form some sketches which appeared in *Pearson's Magazine* on "The White Slaves of England." It is a moving book. Written with little attention to literary attractiveness, and couched in generally unemotional language, the book has more force in its plain narrative than reams of declamatory verbiage. Mr. Sherard himself admits that he is a mere chronicler of facts that found words for themselves, and the six sketches of workers' lives in different centres of labour unite in carrying conviction that there are trades which cost too much human life, and that life is bought too cheap. He begins with the alkali-workers in Widnes and St. Helens, living and labouring amid poisonous fumes for long shifts when work is to be had, and often idle for weeks and months when trade is slack. Now and then a worker falls into a tank of acid and dies a horrible death, while constantly splashes of burning, corrosive fluid get into their eyes or leave scars on their faces and arms. Sometimes "Roger" (chlorine gas) is upon them, and a tardy workman is "gassed," which may mean anything from death to a short illness, after which they are "never the same." In another department the men are toothless, their "ivories" being slowly wasted by the hydrochloric acid gas which they breathe. It is little wonder that many find no appetite for solid food, and are content to subsist on beer; but the crowning marvel is that, in spite of the dangers of the work, the men's greatest complaint is that their employment is not regular—they prefer poisoning to starvation!

The nail-makers of Bromsgrove cannot complain of the unhealthiness of their trade; the country round the little town is beautiful, the men and women are sober and respectable; but their industry during fourteen hours of the twenty-four in many cases brings in no more than ten shillings a-week. It is not much to bring up a family upon, and matters are going from bad to worse. The majority of people believe that the "fogger" is an institution of the past, and that nail-makers are no longer threatened with "clemming" or "clamming" (starvation); but, as a matter of fact, at Bromsgrove the usurious middleman is as rapacious as ever, and sweating and want laugh at the Truck Acts.

As the alkali-workers illustrate the dangers and the nail-makers the oppressions of trade, the next class, the slipper-makers and tailors of Leeds, show convincingly the evil of the principle of free trade to which our country is devoted.

"There are over a thousand Jewish families of foreign extraction engaged in the slipper-making industry in Leeds alone," and "there are upwards of four thousand Jewish families in the tailoring trade in Leeds." Each one of these families came to this country in comparative beggary, they brought no handicraft with them, and, while they eat the bread of Englishmen, they are ruining English trade. The stuff they put out is "shoddy"; ill-stitched and "faked," it undersells the work of the slower-handed but more conscientious Briton, it brings discredit on the whole craft, and it pays so well as "picee-work" that these foreigners invade the country by thousands every year, while the flower of English workers goes to the Colonies. Some of the facts relating to the quality and composition of the cloth (?) which these tailors make up are interesting, and they are coming to be better known than formerly. It is frequently sized with manure, and "body" is given to it by the addition of string, feathers, sand, and rubbish in general. When material of this description is passed off as honest English cloth, it means that sooner or later our manufacturing industry will take flight to a more conscientious country.

The wool-combers of Bradford work at a temperature which produces constant perspiration in a cloud of yellow dust. Their wages are very small; they are thin and wan, and for a great part of the year they may be out of employment—"larking," as it is called with grim irony. Yet there are crowds waiting outside the works anxious for a place, for in this trade "the supply of flesh and bone largely exceeds the demand."

The one gleam of hope in this book emerges in what is otherwise the darkest blot, the article on the white-lead workers of Newcastle. We have at last been roused to a sense of the horrors of lead-poisoning, and the order has gone forth that from this time the employment of women in white-lead factories shall cease. But the order was long in coming, and there have been many terrible deaths, and even now men will have to work at the trade as before. It is true that precautions are taken in providing baths after work, and in the employment of respirators; but there are still many ways in which the poison gets round these measures, and "wristdrop," blindness, and paralysis will ever have their victims.

The concluding article on the chain-makers of Cradley Heath is very similar to that on the nail-makers. There is a parallel account of the fogger's oppression, of long hours and meagre earnings, with this added touch, that the produce of all this misery is, like the flimsy slippers and the shoddy cloth, *dishonest*, for "quantities of cables are exported from Cradley with bogus certificates of strength," and the link forged in suffering and oppression snaps in a disastrous calamity.

The same tale runs through these six articles. These trades shorten life, and the wages are insufficient, for if life, not labour, is to be bought, it should be handsomely paid for. In many cases the industries have passed into the hands of bloodless syndicates, and no help can be looked for from that quarter; the law is constantly evaded, and new enactments often serve merely to lull the public into a vain confidence that all has been set right, and among these hopeless people combination has repeatedly been proved a failure. Either of two things must be true, that these goods are produced too cheaply, or that the capitalist is drawing a rate of interest which is too high to be safe—for those who pay it. Perhaps both are true. It may not be long, too, before we hear an effectual cry raised of "England for the English!"; and our country may cease to be the dumping-ground for the impoverished and inefficient of all nations. No relief for these workers is as yet in sight; but, however hopeless the outlook may be, Mr. Sherard has done his country a service by publishing this book.

## SOME CARLYLE ESSAYS.

The essays contributed by Carlyle to Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," between 1820 and 1823, have been dug out of their modest, decent obscurity, and given to the world in book form, under the title of "Montaigne and Other Essays, Chiefly Biographical" (Gowans). The book is one of the curiosities of literature,

no doubt, but why should Carlyle add to the list of these? Mr. Crockett has written the Preface—not too willingly, I gather. "Perhaps in some moods I would rather it had not been published at all," he says. In the more lenient mood of the Preface, he declares that the biographies are brimful of a "wise, determinate sagacity of judgment," and he sees "touches of the coming greatness." Few will follow him farther than to own that the articles are "fragments of honest, clear-lined, honourable workmanship." They do no discredit to the great man; they are good enough for a not first-rate encyclopædia; but they are entirely uncharacteristic, they are rather dull, decidedly limited in information, and timid in thought. They are hack-work pure and simple, "not Carlyle's highest possible even at that time," as Mr. Crockett owns. Why, then, republish them? Literary and biographical value they have none, and autobiographical hardly any; for we knew already that Carlyle was making a bare living by his pen in those years, and could not refuse such work as writing articles on subjects for which he cared not a jot whenever it was offered to him. The Netherlands, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Northumberland, do not seem very inspiring topics for his pen; but they would appear to have been as sympathetic as Montaigne, to judge by the meagreness and the coolness of the judgments on the great French writer; and though the one on Montesquieu attracted the notice of Jeffrey and led to the offer of work on the *Quarterly*, it cannot strike any reader to-day as a very interesting performance. Less than most books of gleanings will this one harm the reputation of the writer, but no one will believe that Carlyle would ever have consented to reprint these trifles.



MR. R. H. SHERARD.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

\* "The White Slaves of England." By R. H. Sherard. London: James Bowden.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS ETHEL HAYDON AS THE CIRCUS GIRL.



"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

*Photographs by J. Byron, New York.*



LA FAVORITA: *A life to be envied by all the belle of the circus may lead.*



"Oh, what a wet, wet day! It's really most provoking, we're in for such a soaking on this wet, wet day."

## A PRINCELY GIFT.

The splendid gift of £25,000 to the Princess of Wales's Fund for providing a Substantial Meal for the Poor in Commemoration of the Jubilee, the effort at anonymity, the failure, and the disclosure of Mr. Lipton's name, made me curious to see for myself what kind of man is the merchant willing to give away such a sum—an amount unparalleled for such a purpose. Moreover, I had heard that Mr. Lipton is a self-made man, and I take a deep interest in a self-made man, though few have interested me as he has done. So I went down to the little Lipton town in the City Road, marched into the prodigious counting-house, with huge marble columns supporting a finely panelled ceiling, and announced that I proposed to interview Mr. Lipton. Thereupon people looked aghast, and told me that it was impossible. However, the weight of the name of *The Sketch* carried me through, and after a little while, during which I gazed with interest at the three hundred bookkeepers, lady typewriters, and clerks, I was shown into the private office. In the lofty room, with walls wonderfully panelled in ten kinds of wood, I could learn little of the character of my subject, nor did the handsome Oriental carpet or elaborately carved desk give me much information. Concerning the man himself, the photograph will speak, though it cannot give the merry glance of his eyes or charming smile that lightens his shrewd face.

"You will find I am not a good subject for interviewing; in fact, I have made a point of keeping as much out of the way of interviewers as possible. The truth is, I like to advertise my business, not myself. However, I could not resist *The Sketch*."

"Well, now, Mr. Lipton, there is just one question I wish to ask you—how did you build up this colossal business?"

"Work, work, work. When I opened a little shop in Glasgow, with a hundred pounds of capital, twenty years ago, I simply worked twenty-five hours a day, and studied all the time how to please my customers. Energy, constant industry, good memory, and equability of temper are what a man needs to make a fortune, and they are better than capital. Let me tell you that no man starting such a business as mine on a huge scale, with even ten times my capital, would make a success of it. You must begin at the bottom of the ladder and learn every rung."

Mr. Lipton obviously has forgotten to mention some characteristics. One of them, I think, is imagination, without which no great mercantile schemes can be conceived. Another is the peculiar combination of faculties that one may call administrative ability. Possibly the fact that he is Irish by parentage and from the North, and was born in Glasgow, explains a great deal in its suggestion of union of two national characters both of great value.

"My labour in that shop—I used to sleep on the premises—and some happy advertising on a small scale, brought success to me, and I was soon able to get branches and put them in trust of men who had worked under me. With my theories and practice of always buying for cash and selling for cash, and trying to get into direct relations with the actual producer, my prosperity has come. By-the-by, I might tell you a rather comic story about my first venture in the Irish butter market. I went over to Ireland with a few pounds in my pocket to buy butter, and I engaged a man for five shillings to go outside the town and meet the farmers coming in, and buy butter from them. Well, he just overdid his business, and bought more than I had money to pay for; that was a bit awkward for the 'buy for cash system'; the people in the market guessed what was the matter, and began to laugh. However, I skipped off, pawned my watch for enough to meet the deficiency, and was able to pay for my butter. Of course, the laugh was on my side. Yes, I made something over that butter."

"I suppose," I interrupted, "you carried out that system of buying butter; I don't mean the watch-system, but the market-purchase?"

"Indeed, yes; I have agents to work like my five-shilling man at every market-town of importance in Ireland; and they buy up the pork and butter from the farmers. Moreover, I have branches in every town of any standing throughout the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the fact that I have numerous agents bound only to sell Lipton commodities, so far as the things we deal in are concerned. Indeed, irrespective of those engaged in my stores, there are four thousand agents employed in selling my goods."

"How many people have you working for you?" I asked.

"I can hardly tell you," he said, "off-hand. I have one thousand eight hundred here in these works, besides employes in sixty stores in London, to say nothing of those in the rest of Great Britain. For my American trade I have a packing-house in Chicago, where I kill two to three thousand head of pigs a-day, and I have six hundred railway refrigerator-trucks of my own to carry the meat to my customers all over the States. You can imagine all that means a great deal of labour. Furthermore, one cannot be a large tea, coffee, and cocoa planter and the biggest tea-dealer in the world without employing many hands. I do my own printing, coloured as well as black, employing a couple of hundred printers. And I am bringing into requisition my cargo-steamer as a floating canteen for the coming Naval Review. I really cannot pretend to tell you what the number is. One thing I can tell you with pleasure and with pride. I have never had any trouble with my workers, and all my people exhibit every sign of affection. One of my principles is that everyone employed by me, however humble, must have easy direct access to me if he or she has any ground of complaint. Do you know, I always feel perfectly happy when among my workpeople. I lunch and dine daily with my staff and departmental managers on the premises here."

"Then you get home rather late?"

"I am always here till nine," he replied, "and it used to be till eleven. I live nine and a-half miles away, at Old Southgate, which is on the Great Northern suburban line, and in order to save time I drive. I do the distance, even including the bit at the end through London traffic, in forty-five minutes. Yes, horses are a weakness of mine, and I

always keep a stable full of the best that can be had. My interests in life? My business comes first, then my workpeople. I have travelled a good deal, particularly in the East, combining business with pleasure. Flowers and trees I love, and at my place there are splendid old trees and gardens, and I have a good collection of *bric-à-brac*, picked up on my travels in different parts of the world. No, I have never been much of a society man, nor have I ever been in a London theatre—not from conscientious motives nor lack of interest, but you can see I can ill spare the time."

"Is the business still growing?"

"Of course, day by day. Why, I open a new store every week. Capital? My own. I have never been financed, nor had a partner, not even Mr. Biggar, with whom, however, I had many pleasant business transactions. My capital has come out of surplus revenue. Yes, it's growing; the business is only in its infancy."

"Infancy! Then when it is full-grown you will be the only provision and tea merchant in the world."

He laughed. "Already I am represented in almost every big town in the world. Why, my tea is drunk all through India and Burmah. You can buy it at all the bazaars and railway stations. I have seven hundred girls over the way busy simply putting it into packets of the different sizes. The record cheque? That was £35,365 9s. 2d. duty for

one week; the biggest ever received by the Revenue. It represents nine hundred tons, or two million sixteen thousand pounds."

I could not help asking about the £25,000 cheque.

"It was so simple. I heard that the Princess of Wales was making the appeal to the public—her first appeal—and I sympathised with it. Why shouldn't the poor have a treat that day as well as the rich? I began by offering to give the tea. Then, when I heard from the Lady Mayoress that the subscriptions came slowly, I told her to make definite arrangements and I would see her through, and I did. I tried to keep the matter dark, but the cheque was traced. Won't it bring tramps to London? Perhaps; and if they're hungry enough to tramp for a meal, let them have it. Character? I don't ask a hungry man his character; I would feed him first, then ask."

"And the arrangements?"

"I am sure the Committees will work zealously to carry through the Princess's kindly and thoughtful scheme to a most successful finish. She wrote me a charming letter of thanks. My views on the subject?—that is not my business; she had the happy thought, it is her fund, and I am merely a subscriber who will get his money's worth in pleasure, or the thought of the pleasure of the poor people."

I bring my notes to an end here, to leave them with the best impression of the man of commercial genius who has never forgotten that he was poor, and is always in sympathy with the poor. He has ever before him a reminder in the portraits hanging near his desk of his father and mother, who never knew anything of luxury till it came through their wonderful son.



MR. LIPTON.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.



## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



“ Reg’lar noosance I calls them ’ere bicyclers. Only las’ week a young woman runs plump into me, an’ wot did she say?  
 ‘ Excuse me?’ No! What did she say? Why, she ses, ‘ Thank ’evin you ’re a noomatic!’ ”



HE (*at Miss TARTLET's*): It is not good for man to be alone.  
SHE (*bored*): Then hadn't you better go home to your mother?





"ACROSS THE GRASS I SEE HER PASS, A MAID WITH WINNING FACE."



MAN'ZELLE.







SARAH BERNHARDT.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Reproduced on this page, by permission of Messrs. A. Tooth and Sons, is Mr. Stephen Lewin's very engaging and attractive subject-picture, "Dr. Johnson at the Cheshire Cheese." The party have evidently varied the practice of Heraclitus and his poet, and have "tired the moon with talking and sent her down the sky," for one of the group, presumably Garrick, lifts his hat to the window to show the dawn, the early light of which is just falling upon the head of Johnson. One recognises the faces of the little company, which includes Sir Joshua, and the likeness of Dr. Johnson, evidently taken from Sir Joshua's painting, is clearly exceedingly like. One is rather inclined to challenge Mr. Lewin's accuracy in giving the Doctor a glass of wine, for it is certain that in the days of *The Club*—indeed, from a comparatively early age—Johnson never touched wine, always somewhat pathetically reserving it for that remote old age which was always coming "to-morrow."

were delivered at the fifth exhibition of that society, held at the New Gallery in the autumn of 1896. The subject dealt with is very general indeed—"Of Art and Life"; and under this heading come "Beautiful Cities," treated by Mr. W. R. Lethaby; "The Decoration of Public Buildings," by Walter Crane; "Public Spaces, Parks, and Gardens," by Reginald Blomfield; "Colour in the Architecture of Cities," by Halsey Ricardo; and the "general subject" itself, by Mr. J. Cobden Sanderson. All the essays are well written, although for practical purposes it may be thought in some quarters too much pains have been spent on the fashioning of sentences and pretty pictorial effects of speech, and too little upon the practical and suggestive side of the matter. Mr. Halsey Ricardo's paper is among the most engrossing of the series, but it might be desired that he would confine himself strictly to his own subject, and not "drag in" other arts by which to illustrate his views on colour.



DR. JOHNSON AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE.—STEPHEN LEWIN.  
EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES, HAYMARKET.

The Single Religious Picture, under appropriate surroundings, is with us again, but this time, in a more reasonable shape than usual, by Mr. Davidson Knowles, under the title of "The Sign of the Cross," at Messrs. Dickinson and Forster's Gallery in New Bond Street. Mr. Knowles's work is really one of considerable merit; he has quite a remarkable feeling for decoration, and a no less beautiful sense of colour. The picture stands there upon its own deserts, without calling in the aid of the stupid melodrama and cheaply insincere tragedies which are so often the sole excuse for the religious picture; it is a pleasure, however, to re-echo the words of a clever critic who declares that, "were it not for the inevitable booklet by the inevitable canon (these dignitaries of the Church never seem to be too busy to point a moral and adorn art criticism by their enlightening presence), one would forgive the red baize and top-lights and accept the picture as a picture on its undoubted merits." It is pleasant to read such a protest, for there is no spoil-sport so deadly as the religious lecture applied to art of any kind.

Messrs. Rivington and Percival have just published a series of lectures, by members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which

There is no pitfall so dangerous in discussing colour from the purely pictorial aspect as to diverge into analogies upon that far different subject, colour in music—a mere phrase without any distinct and visionary meaning. It is entirely out of place, for example, to indulge in a long rhapsody, as Mr. Ricardo does, on the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, with its "delicate webs of tracery" and "its deep, impenetrable spaces of shade."

On the other hand, when Mr. Ricardo drops this vein, which does not go very far towards illuminating one's ideas on colour in the architecture of cities, he has many significant and useful words to say. He points out, for example, that it is sufficient, on a mass of black, to plant here and there pieces of blue in quite small quantities, and the "whole area becomes one sea of sapphire." Or place your threads of green on black, and the whole field becomes a deep meadow of green—and so forth. Consider for a moment, says Mr. Ricardo with much point, how valuable a quality this is in a place like London, where a field of black is so easily obtained. "This charitable quality of colour," he says with much eloquence, "should put heart into us." This is but a fragment from a charming essay among essays that are all well worth reading.



"THE YASHMAK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Photographs by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.



*Dona Scheyva (Miss Kitty Loftus) and her lover, Owen Moore (Mr. Lionel Mackinder).*



*Zillah (Miss Aileen D'Orme), an Armenian maiden.*



*Mr. Dingley (Mr. F. Emney), the proprietor of the hotel where the Gaiety Girls put up, the Vizier (Mr. Howard), and Smudge, Dingley's head waiter (Mr. John Le Hay).*



*The Gaiety Girls are smuggled into the harem of the Sultan of Shebock (Mr. Arthur Helstone), whither Smudge (disguised as a doctor) and Owen Moore go to rescue their sweethearts.*

"THE YASHMAK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS DORA SELWYN.



"THE YASHMAK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

*Photographs by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.*



*Zillah singing a pathetic ballad.*



*Dora burlesquing the quick-change boom.*



*The Gaiety Girls, and Smudge, who conjures them all, in the best song of the piece, to "be good."*

## A NEW JOY AT KENSINGTON.

*Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

On Monday of last week a crowded reception was held at the Palace Hotel, Kensington, to celebrate the opening of the new Empress Ball-Room. The company was large, distinguished, and representative, and the cause of their coming together in every way worthy of the occasion. For Kensington is lucky in this exquisite addition to its amenities, which



THE ANNEXE.

the energy and enterprise of the company have projected and brought to successful completion. The district wanted some such building, available for dances, receptions, and the like. Now it has got it, there can be no doubt that the beautiful new *annexe* to the Palace Hotel will attain the popularity it deserves. Already it is doing so, for engagements for balls, dinners, and receptions are being rapidly booked. After last week's opening reception, indeed, the rooms were immediately retained for Tuesday and the succeeding days.

The Empress Ball-Room is entered from Kensington High Street by an entirely separate door. The whole suite, indeed, can be shut off from the rest of the hotel by iron doors, if need be. As the visitor enters, he passes through a magnificent vestibule in coloured marble into a crush-hall, the prevailing decoration of which is white and gold. Through doorways hung with crushed-strawberry silk tapestry one enters at once upon the Ball-Room itself, a chamber measuring 95 feet by 45 feet, proportionately lofty and of strikingly beautiful and chaste design. White and gold is here also the prevailing decoration in the mouldings, but the brilliancy of this scheme is effectively relieved by panels of the tapestry above alluded to. The woodwork consists of birch and sycamore panelling, and runs round the sides to the height of about eight feet. This is relieved by frequent mirror-panels lending yet greater appearance of space to an already spacious apartment. The ceiling is superbly rich, and continues the white and gold of the walls. On the eastern side is a beautiful music-gallery, continued into a wide alcove, canopied by a great shell. The shell, indeed, plays a large and effective part in the design, occurring at intervals in the frieze. Three clusters of electric lamps depend from the ceiling, and, in conjunction with about a hundred wall-lamps, shed a softened radiance over the splendid room. There is, of course, a spring-floor in oak. The ventilation is as nearly perfect as possible, a large gas-ventilator, adjustable wall-tubes, and sky-lights providing free circulation of air without risk

of draught. The walls are alcoved, and furnished with luxurious seats in the prevailing tapestry.

Two grand staircases lead from the ground-floor to the upper rooms. On the first floor occurs the *foyer*, which measures 20 feet by 50 feet, and is decorated in white panelling. Here, as elsewhere, purity and grace strike the prevailing "note." A few steps higher and we reach the Supper-Room, a marvel of elegance and beauty. The upper rooms are in the "Empire" style. The Supper-Room is a little warmer in scheme, the great panels of the walls being decorated with a rich and broad design, conventional pæonies on a gold ground. This room is also alcoved, and above the cornice in each alcove is a novel arrangement of lighting. The actual lamps are concealed, nothing being visible but the softly graduated glow reflected on the white concave space which over-arches each recess. The effect is as pleasing as it is unusual. By means of floor-plugs electric-light can be used on the tables. The room will seat three hundred guests easily. Close at hand are complete pantry arrangements, including a huge steel hot-plate appliance.

The directors of the Palace Hotel Company, Limited, are wise in their generation to have added so luxurious and attractive a suite of rooms to their great establishment. Kensington possessed nothing of the kind, and will welcome it; but not Kensington alone, for the place stands to make a very extensive reputation. Its popularity will be greatly enhanced by the Sunday evening dinners, at fixed price (half-a-guinea) or *à la carte*, which have been instituted by the management. These are served in the Ball-Room itself, where the gallery will be occupied by the Blue Hungarian Band, specially engaged for the Sundays. A word should be added as to the complete precautions against fire. At each end of the room, behind glass panels, hose and branch are ready for use. The exits are numerous and easy of access.

The architect of this ideal resort is Mr. Legg, of Christ's Hospital. The decorations have been carried out by Messrs. Graham and Banks, Messrs. Norton, of Birmingham, and Messrs. Bywater. The electric engineers are Messrs. Donnison, Berlyn, and Co. Everything that skill could suggest or capital supply has been introduced to make this palace within a palace, as it were, a marvel of beauty, elegance, and convenience. The already great reputation of the hotel cannot fail to be immensely increased by this added attraction, and the Empress Ball-Room, with its accessories, promises to become rapidly one of the most fashionable resorts in town, whether for dance, reception, or dinner. It is opened at a happy moment in an auspicious year, it bears an auspicious name, and its first week has given the happiest augury of success. To that its beauty alone gives it fair title. There are more solid attractions, also, and these the management well knows how to provide. The "Empress" ought, indeed, to have a long and happy reign.

The rooms were practically inaugurated last Sunday week, when the dinner which was given showed the remarkable resources of the management. The new silver plate was *en évidence*, and the Blue Hungarian Band distinguished itself as if aware that the occasion was no ordinary one. The audience included many well-known people, who found a great deal to admire in the spacious hall, notably its ventilation, which makes it probably the coolest place to dine at in London.



THE EMPRESS BALL-ROOM.

## AN INVOLUNTARY INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF SIAM.

If it had not been for a certain Parisian "cabby," whose name and number I regret never to have known, I should have been able to give not only the date of the King's birthday, but also many of the particulars of a very brief and remarkable interview I once had with the King of Siam on one of its anniversaries. During the years I wandered in Siam I kept a diary, which might have been stolen scores of times in lands east of Suez. My Chinese boy never took more than my socks; the larrikins of Australia helped themselves to my deck-chair; but when almost home, and at the very fount and centre of civilisation, a Parisian "cabby" left me shivering, luggageless, on the streets of Paris one morning in October, with only my ticket and a few francs to see me home. Although I wished him joy, by advertisement, of my pyjamas, even of my hair-brushes and photographs, I begged him for my diary; but the hard-hearted fellow has never even yet honoured me with the slightest notice.

The New Year comes in April in Siam, and that year, at any rate, the King's birthday came about the end of autumn—the end of September, probably. I remember it was towards the close of the rainy

Siamese that the rain should come in there; they understand the purchase of the best of the produce of European brains, but maintenance and repair are quite beyond them. It is so with their European buildings, it is so with their warships, it is so with their big guns and their little. They have enough and to spare of all these, but not one is in a state fit to be used.

Well, it was evident we were too late; the King had been and gone, and the reception was over. My friends, who had much wished to meet the King, were disappointed. I had come mostly from curiosity. I like the Siamese as Siamese; their hospitality is offered with open hand and readily, and nowhere on earth has hospitality been more abused. A reception of this sort could offer many unpleasant yet interesting spectacles. A door opening into the quickly emptying reception-hall stood ajar, and showed me an old friend of mine, the doctor at the British Consulate, standing chatting with a group of friends. He was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met, and, while we stood chatting together, a little dapper figure, with black, sparkling eyes, flat Mongolian face, iron-grey, closely cropped hair, a tunic of white satin with gold embroidery, satin slippers, white silk hose, and what looked like a pair of white satin bloomers on, although it was only the Siamese *panong* tucked between his legs and tied behind in the orthodox Siamese fashion, came gliding in from a far corner, leading with one hand a lively little son and



THE KING OF SIAM'S YACHT AT VENICE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GIULIO FARDO, VENICE.

season, for it was a heavy tropical shower that led me to meet the King. Two friends and I had come into Bangkok from a year's prospecting in the jungle, just in time for the King's birthday. All the Europeans of any importance in Siam—perhaps two hundred men in all—went to the King's reception that day, taking presents with them of such a price and kind as would indicate their degree of goodwill towards the King. Those who had uniforms put them on, of course—and there are many and resplendent uniforms in Siam; those less fortunate put on the clothes that had done duty at European funerals for many a year; but poor "jungle birds" like ourselves at most could only muster patent-leather shoes and a white shirt. When the appointed hour came to set out, rain fell in torrents, and we found every *gharri* was already engaged, and there was not a vehicle of any sort to be had for love or money.

We were quite an hour late when we reached the outer gate in the high, white, buttressed wall that surrounds the palace, its grounds and temples, and already the crowd was returning from the reception. The royal ensign by the gate hung dragged to the flagstaff, and the native band, led and trained by an Italian, which played under it every night the wild and lovely National Anthem of the country—a wild strain from the Siamese Highlands, which we shall now hear in England—was nowhere to be seen. The way that led to the steps of the large marble reception-hall ran with clear water, and some economically minded Siamese nobles waded deftly along, carrying their long white stockings and embroidered slippers under their arms. The hall was rapidly emptying when we reached it, and the little point I most noted was that in the interior of the hall a crack somewhere between two marble beams in the dome gave vent to a dripping stream from without. Yet the Royal Palace is a masterpiece of architecture. It is an Italian structure, with the high and imposing native Siamese roof. It was typical of the

with the other one of his favourite little daughters. I had seen him before, and recognised the King of Siam in his most eminent rôle—in the part of a good and affectionate father; and, looking more closely round, I saw that it was a reception by the King of the accredited representatives from the Courts of Europe. How I failed to recognise the situation at first, I do not know; but now I saw close beside me Captain Jones, V.C., our Minister, with the whole of the British Consular Staff beside him, of which, of course, my friend formed a part. It was too late to retreat now. Captain Jones had not observed me; I doubt if he knew all his staff. My friend the doctor smiled and held me tight. The French, the German, the Danish, the Italian representatives were in groups round the room, and in the centre stood a slender, neat man, in a very gorgeous scarlet-and-gold uniform, the King's doctor—a Scot, of course. He was the first the King approached, and he could not have approached a more honest man; the King and he had a pleasant chat together, with many a smile and bow. Now that I live in Bloomsbury I find the King's doctor a near neighbour; after twenty years in the palace a corrupt faction made him seek sanctuary in this sweet region. But if the history of Siam for the last twenty years is to be written, he is the man for the task.

When the King came to the British group, we lined up, I at the tail. Our Minister and the King had then much to say to each other; they were pleasant together at this interview, but, if rumour can be depended on, they were not always so. Then the King came along, making kindly inquiries and shaking hands with the members of the Staff. The doctor and he had some jokes and laughs together, the good doctor chucking the royal children under the chin; and then it came to my embarrassed turn. "Ah," said the King, in good English, "this is the latest arrival at the Consulate, is it not?" The doctor rescued the situation by assenting and introducing me. "Can you speak Siamese yet?" asked the King,



"Only a little, your Majesty," I replied in the best Siamese I could muster; "it will be long till it can approach the King's English." He turned with a smile and went to the next group with his toddling children. I myself did not feel inclined to smile, although the doctor did, and when I rejoined my friends they seemed to envy both my impudence and my luck, although at the time I felt my position too false to enjoy it overmuch.

The King himself I take to be a good man who wants to do well, but his noblemen—the instruments wherewith he must rule the country—form a most unwieldy, conservative, and selfish instrument. Under his sway there are six millions of vain, happy, philosophical, hair-splitting, gambling, dark-skinned Mongolians—good people at heart and healthily lazy. Then he has France squeezing him on one side and England on the other, and everyone who knows anything of the matter must hope and pray they won't squeeze him to death between them.

### TATTOOING.

A good deal is coming to be heard of tattooing—that is to say, of tattooing as a modern fine art. The days are past when the Maoris of New Zealand scored each other's faces like so many maps, and then valued heads according to the number and nicety of the lines. No, the reference just now is to tattooing on the highly civilised skin—on the skins of folks of our own blood who like to be illustrated. I spent half an hour the other afternoon (writes a *Sketch* correspondent) with that well-known English master in this art, Mr. Sutherland MacDonald, and we chatted about some points of it. Why did young men and older ones get tattooed? Mr. MacDonald had no exhaustive theory to hurl at me in reply. Simply, they liked it, and that I have already said. He would himself be tattooed, supposing he were not connected with the art—again because he liked it. I asked him whether the fashion—for, of course, it is a fashion—was not gradually getting more prevalent. There also he had no decided opinion; it was difficult to have one. Numbers of people got tattooed, but whether the number was greater one year, as compared with the previous year, who could tell? For himself he did not want to see the thing become quite common.

What was common was apt to be regarded as vulgar. Meantime, the artistic tattooist found his clients among the best people.

I very much wanted to ask if any of our royalties had come under the decorative needle. That, however, would hardly have been fair;

etiquette is etiquette; and so, instead, I put the question "What is the best sort of skin for tattooing?" He told me that a fine skin was needed, yet not too fine a one—not one that would bleed. A white skin best showed up the tattooing, and a tattooist could do the best

work on a skin that was pure and white, yet not too tender. The most choice spot for a picture was, perhaps, inside the forearm. Do you, gentle reader, bare your arm, see how soft your skin is there, and you will have the explanation. Then turn to the outside of the arm, and you will find that the skin is much rougher and tougher. Did most lovers of the tattoo begin with the arms? "Yes," said Mr. MacDonald, "and, when they are covered, go on with the rest of the body." This suggested the point to me, was the ornamentation a sort of thing that grew upon one—that began in a small way and grew in one's affection? Mr. MacDonald thought there was a good deal in that. Then we talked about the new colours which he has applied to his art, and of the time needed to make a large drawing, say, on the back of a subject. Naturally, the task was not one that could be completed in a day. Indeed, that bore upon tattooing, alike in small and great forms.

What were the favourite designs that subjects had worked out upon them? Well, a snake was certainly a favourite design, and it was a design which lent itself to tattooing. Butterflies, too, were often sketched in the skin, but necessarily they made a less assertive picture than did the snake. Then Mr. MacDonald showed me some photographs of different drawings he had executed, and certainly they were wonderfully pretty to the eye. "What a pity," I observed, "that anybody so beautifully decorated should have to wear clothes!" Mr. MacDonald laughed—he is a Celt, and has a keen humour. Another query—did he know whether the tattooing fever was extending to ladies? "Oh," he answered, "ladies sometimes go in for it a little—a fly on the wrist, for instance—but not to any great extent."

At the door of Mr. MacDonald's establishment there are steps, and going down them I bethought me of a poser to him. If a person repented being tattooed after the thing had been done, could the pictures be taken out again? Mr. MacDonald

fancied that was not wholly impossible, but assuredly the labour would be less grateful to a true craftsman than the original making of the design. It is one thing to make a picture, but quite another to destroy it when made.



THE KING OF SIAM.

Photo by Skeen, Colombo.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## HEART'S SANCTUARY.

BY FLORENCE MULLENEUX.

There had been a rapid examination, a few searching questions, a moment's silence, and then the great doctor nodded approvingly.

"Ah! we've managed to cure you this time—you needn't come again. And now, my little maid—," and already his keen eyes were smiling down at a frail scrap of feminine humanity entering early into life's heritage of ills.

The pale girl was dismissed, but for a moment she stood stupidly still, trying to take in the full force of his words, and then a nurse touched her arm gently and brought her back to reality again.

At that, she began to make her way through the closely packed group of patients, who waited their slow turn with the stolid patience of long usage. One or two of them said a few whispered words of half-envious congratulation, but she gave no response whatever—all her energies were concentrated on getting out of the great, bare place, with its rows upon rows of wooden benches, whose every square inch was weighted with a load of suffering—the all-pervading odour of disinfectants and many medicines was choking her.

Somehow, it was over at last, and she was outside the great gates. She wished vaguely that she might have put her face against them for a moment, and kissed them, for, to her, they had been the gates of Paradise.

The homeward journey in the crowded tramcar was all unreal to her. The horses' hoofs seemed to be keeping time to the rhythmical beat of that one sentence on her brain, "*You needn't come here again . . . you needn't come here again.*"

Up and down, up and down, the monotonous refrain grew louder and louder, till she wondered if she were shrieking the words aloud. But the stolid faces of her fellow-passengers reassured her, and she clenched her hands till the nails bruised her flesh, while that maddening refrain of words and hoofs went on again.

And then that, too, came to an end, and she was at the door of the house where she lodged. She fumbled with her latchkey for a moment, and then she dragged herself up to the room that she called home, and locked herself in. For the first time she was glad that there was no one to greet her—no one to watch her when she flung herself down on her bed, and let the tears come at last. Never any more! Never to have anything to look forward to; never to sit closed in by a crowd of life's wreckage, and to grow heart-sick and weary of it all, till there should flash out upon her the sight of the grand face that, with all its power and firmness, could be so infinitely pitiful and kind.

How she had loved to see all the pain-racked faces brighten at his coming—this great physician, whose hands brought healing, whose voice soothed and strengthened!

He was the one beautiful and noble figure in all her commonplace, sordid life: from the first moment that her eyes had rested on him she had worshipped him with a love that was almost dog-like in its dumbness and faithful reverence. She would have lain down her life at his word, and yet, when at last her every waking thought had become a reality, and when her turn came to stand before him, she was struck dumb; she could hardly lift her eyes to his face.

And so the moment of realisation became an agony, and yet all through each slow succeeding week she longed for that realisation and that agony to come again; the thought of it had tinged the greyness of her life with gold, and made the dreariest day or the most uncongenial task possible, to be lived through, because it brought her nearer to those, her gates of Paradise and pain.

And now they were closed against her.

She slipped off the bed and fell on her knees, her hands clenched close together—"Oh, dear God," she whispered, "please let me be ill again—ill enough to go there and see him, and forgive me if I am wicked to ask it!"

And so she prayed, night and morning, for many days, and God made no answer.

Then at last the longing to look upon that well-loved face again became a physical pain, that gripped at her heart and drew her out of the house and along the familiar way, till she stood outside the gates once more, and watched the stream of people flocking in—those happy people who were ill, and who would see him. She could not bear it long, and she turned away with a sob in her throat, and drifted, unthinkingly, uncaringly, down the next turning. She had a dim idea of walking till she dropped, of doing something that would give her the right of readmittance; but then a wonderful thing happened. A carriage drew up just in front of her, and out of it there stepped—her doctor.

Just for that short moment, while he passed into the side entrance of the hospital, her glad eyes devoured him, and then she turned back and went home.

She walked lightly, her head up, her tremulous mouth smiling—people turned to look at the happy young face.

And she was saying to herself that this was God's answer to her prayers—such a glorious, complete answer; her heart was singing a wordless Magnificat that He would surely understand.

After this, once every week, she stood near by when the great doctor stepped out of his carriage, and then went contented away, to work on

at the weaving of the coarse, grey web of her life, where the sight of him, and the thought of him, were the only golden threads.

And the blackest times in all the year were those summer days when, for a space, he did not come.

So two years went by, and then another wonderful thing happened—she found herself engaged to be married.

It had come about so gradually that she could hardly tell when it had been decided that the banns of marriage "between Robert Bird, bachelor, and Annie Goring, spinster, both of this parish"—Brixton, to wit—should be first read out on that June Sunday. It was an excellent match for her—everyone said so, and the bride-elect would not have dreamt of contradicting everyone, even if she had wished to do so, and, indeed, such a thing was not in her thoughts.

Robert was kind to her, and it was surely very, very good of him to notice her—such a small, brown creature—when he might have had anyone. All the girls of her limited acquaintance envied her the chance of becoming Mrs. Robert Bird and the mistress of a six-roomed suburban house, and, above all, of a small "general." A sort of grateful pride took possession of her; somehow, the thought of that little house which was to be all her own seemed to bring her a little bit nearer to the idol she had set up so high; and then, perhaps, this love which had come to her would satisfy the ache of her hungry heart. She was very grateful, and, in a way, very happy.

So she would have felt for any man who had chosen her, for to eyes blinded with constant crying for the moon the stars seem all alike in their insignificance.

The day before her wedding she cried bitterly because, for the first time, it was impossible for her to keep her vigil at the hospital gates. However, she was duly married to that estimable young man, Robert Bird, whose career was quoted as a bright and shining example, his patient industry having raised him from a humble errand-boy to the dizzy height of a manager at a local grocery store. Robert's keen eye for a good bargain had also played a by no means unimportant part in his advancement, and it was this same keen eye which had fixed upon Annie as another excellent investment—a steady little worker in the house, modest and lady-like of appearance, while her clever fingers would save any dressmaker's bills; altogether, she would be an inexpensive and creditable housekeeper, and one, moreover, who would never interfere with his own glory, but be content to keep meekly in the background, as a woman should. Also, it must be allowed that the small amount of affection which Robert Bird had not expended on himself and his virtues was given to his girl-wife.

But it was such a very small amount that, after a month of married life, Annie's heart was more consciously empty and hungry than ever, and it was with a desperate, hunted desire for peaceful sanctuary that each week she went to keep her one-sided tryst.

The momentary sight of that strong, noble face gave her fresh hope—proved to her that there was in life something that was not ignoble and revolting. She sorely needed the assurance, for Robert Bird's home-life was modelled on lines which were in direct opposition to those smooth and gracious curves which ran through the grocery stores and the Sunday School class.

His reputation at both places was really beyond reproach; everything connected with him must be equally blameless. That was why he had chosen Annie for his wife—a girl who, to all appearance, had none of the average feminine propensity for flirting and frivolity, and that was why he came home one afternoon with a white face so distorted with passion that when it peered over Annie's shoulder, as she stood in front of her glass, fastening her hat, she hardly recognised it. She gave a shrill scream as she turned round sharply, and then she tried to smile at her husband, but her lips were white. She had already some knowledge of what his passion could mean. Not for nothing was the mouth under that long, well-cared-for moustache set in ominously cruel lines. She found her voice at last.

"Why, Robert, how you startled me! Is anything the matter? Surely you are ill?"

He did not answer her for a minute, but he caught hold of her wrists with a cruel grip, and looked her up and down.

"Where are you going?" His very voice had changed.

She faltered a little under his furious eyes. "I was going for a little walk. If you want me, I will stay in, of course; but there was nothing special to do, so I thought I might go out for an hour."

"And pray where were you going for your walk?" There was a sneer in his voice.

"Oh, nowhere—anywhere."

Then his suppressed passion burst out in full force. "You lie!" he shouted; "but your lies are no good; they won't save you. I know all about it, I tell you. I have been told of your goings on. Told! do you hear? Laughed at, because while I am working to keep you in luxury, you sneak out to meet your lover—some disreputable medical student, I'll be bound, with nothing better to do than to carry on with a woman who's safely married. How dare you," he hissed out, "how dare you bring me into ridicule and shame like this!"

He shook her by her imprisoned wrists, till the room swam round her. "Tell me who it is—tell me his name! He shall have a thrashing from me instead of a kiss from you! Tell me!"



A white horror was growing in her face, but she answered him as steadily as her gasping breath would allow.

"I have nothing to tell you. I have never met any man in my life. You have no right to say such things to me."

"Then do you go every week to the hospital to meet a woman? Damn you! tell me the truth!"



TIM AND TAGGS IN "THE COUNTY FAIR."

"I meet no one—I have never opened my lips to a living creature there. Oh! you would never understand—you cannot—"

She was in an agony; she would die rather than lay bare to this man that holy sanctuary in her heart where her idol was enthroned, or tell him of the hopeless worship that had been as the breath of her life for so long.

"I understand quite enough; and now, you understand this, that you don't go out of this house again till I give you leave. We'll have all this business out to-night, but now I've wasted quite enough of my time on you—curse you!" Then his fury overmastered him, the bully and the coward in him came to the surface, and he struck her full on the forehead with his clenched hand, once, and then again, with a foul name for each blow.

She gave a little moan, and stood uncertainly for a moment, and then she fell heavily to the floor, while he strode away with a brutal laugh.

"I think you will stay in this afternoon, and be waiting for your husband when he comes in," he called out to her as he went.

The clock had sent another hour into eternity before she woke to full consciousness again; her head was swollen and throbbing, and she could not see clearly; but, through the chaos of mental and bodily pain, one thought made its way quite clearly—she must see him once more, even if she were to be killed for it. All the foundations of her life had given way. There was nothing real, nothing tangible, for all the devils of hell had been let loose about her. If she could not rest her eyes upon him once more, she must go mad.

She got up stiffly and painfully—perhaps, if she hurried, she would catch a glimpse of him when he was leaving the hospital. She twisted her veil round her hat to hide that discoloured bruise on her forehead, and then she crept out of the house like a thief. She got into an omnibus, but, to her overleaping impatience, it seemed to make no perceptible movement, and soon she got out and walked. She was in a frenzy of excitement, and it gave her a most wonderful strength—she almost ran along, and, at last, at last, the many lights of the hospital were gleaming before her. The sight nerved her failing strength. "You must see him again; it isn't far now," she whispered to herself, just as if she were encouraging a weary child; but the pain in her head was maddening; her eyes were so dim that they could hardly pierce through the thick veil, and there was that great road to be crossed before she could reach her goal.

The unending stream of traffic went on and on; she could not stay it; she must breast it and break through it, for the precious minutes were flying, and she would never be free again.

She made a rush forward; through the surging in her ears there came faintly the sound of shouting—it seemed to her that her husband's voice was leading the cries. She must escape him, this mad devil who had struck her—just escape him for a few moments longer.

She gave another stumbling step forward; the shouts grew louder and almost drowned the shriek which burst from her lips when the trampling hoofs caught her and beat her down.

And it was the great doctor himself who picked up the poor maimed body and carried it tenderly within those well-loved gates. Perhaps it

was his touch that roused her, for suddenly the agonised eyes opened—frenzied with pain, mad with fear—and then Death held his hand for a moment, while the pain and the fear gave place to an incredulous joy and a wondering rapture that transfigured the stricken face.

She tried to raise her hand, to touch this vision, and test its reality; her powerless arm would not obey her weak will; but perhaps God whispered to him, and made him understand, for he drew her head down on his shoulder, so close that his bent head rested on her face.

And then Death touched her very gently.

## "THE COUNTY FAIR," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

"The County Fair" is unmistakably American. Mr. Neil Burgess has figured in it as Abigail Prue for seven years, and though a man dressed as a woman is not very nice—despite "Charley's Aunt"—the Princess's people are immensely pleased with the piece. Amid its vulgarity it is undoubtedly humorous and good-natured.

Mr. Neil Burgess is a native of "the Hub," and it was in Boston that he was educated at the public schools, and also in that city that he began life in the picture galleries of Messrs. Goupil's branch house, where he soon became known as a reliable and capable art critic. While there he was always much interested in things theatrical, and on one occasion a friend asked him to rehearse him in his part for an amateur performance. When the night for the production came, his friend was "under the weather," and the management at last succeeded in persuading Mr. Burgess to take his place, thus starting what has proved to be a most successful and eventful dramatic career. Having a good baritone voice, he tried his luck on the variety stage, where chance again discovered fresh gifts for him, for, while in Providence, Rhode Island, an actress suggested that they should "put on" some little English farces together. These were a great success, but after only a short time the actress's health broke down, and one evening a doctor's certificate announced that she could play no more. A brother actor volunteered to undertake his part if Mr. Burgess would take the lady's, and, at last consenting, he scored an instantaneous success, and continued to play female parts at the same theatre for some years.

Mr. Ridgewood Barrie, who figures as the scapegrace jockey, is a native of Preston and the son of a well-known doctor there. He was intended for an architect, but soon took to the stage, serving the usual provincial apprenticeship with various companies, notably Mr. Hermann Vezin's. He has played a variety of comedy and other parts, but his most successful have been Lawrence Sharp in "The Water Babies," Dr. Oliver in "My Sweetheart," Jacob Schwartz in "A Bunch of Violets," Nicholas Webster in "The Housebreaker," James in "Confusion," Fred in "A Night in Town," as well as the dame and the baron in pantomime, though he only joined the profession when eighteen, and is now not yet twenty-three years of age.

A notice of "The County Fair" would hardly be complete without a word about Mr. Burgess's favourite horse, "Ginger," known on the programme as "Cold Molasses," the winner of the famous race. He



ABBY AND OTIS IN "THE COUNTY FAIR."

comes from a Montana ranch, where, losing his mother when only a day old, he would have died had not the sister of his owner taken pity on him and brought him up on the bottle. By the mistake of a drunken groom he was sold, but when his former mistress discovered him comfortably settled as the pet of a theatrical company, she decided to let well alone, and there he has remained ever since, almost a "star."

## ROUND THE THEATRES.

It seems a fantastical idea, the union of two human beings in matrimony who before the wedding-day were strangers. Look at it how you will, marriage is a prodigious, dangerous form of friendship, and to throw two human beings at one another's heads and hearts and bid them be fond friends and happy together seems the act of a madman. Yet that is what had been done in the case of the Comte and Comtesse de Candale, and Madame was determined that the trifling event should not spoil her flirtation with the Chevalier de Valelos, while Monsieur saw no reason for discontinuing his liaison with a pretty Marquise. Consequently, on the very wedding-day the Comte went out to dinner with the Marquise, while the Comtesse tinkled, on the clavecin, music to tell the Chevalier that, despite such an unimportant matter as matrimony, she would ever be true to him; and the servants, Margot, her maid, and Jasmin, his valet, shook their heads, wondered wisely how it would all end, hoped for the worst, and pocketed all the tips that came in their way from either camp.

Marriage on such a system was little better than life on a switchback railway, and the young wife and the young husband soon began to see that matrimony accompanied by outside flirtation and liaisons with third parties must be a failure. There was a gouty old General from the country, uncle of the Comte, connection of the Comtesse, who insisted upon interfering. Unfortunately, instead of understanding the position, he mistook a breeze for a storm, and, fancying that matters were hopeless, set about procuring an annulment of the marriage. Perhaps I was wrong in saying unfortunately. Your blundering friends are often, without knowing it, the finest diplomatists. For when he and she came to sign the fateful petition, each suddenly saw in the other unexpected qualities and possibilities of happiness. Consequently, when the reluctant signatures had been apposed to the document—very illegibly, I fancy—Monsieur and Madame began to look upon themselves and matrimony as Adam and Eve on Eden after the famous ejection. Moreover, the Chevalier de Valelos, without knowing it, had been playing the part of *chandelier*, strange to say, for the benefit of the husband. I apologise for using the term *chandelier*, rendered famous by Alfred de Musset, yet the soon-coming production of "Lorenzaccio" will set us all reading the works of the famous French Tennyson. Every turn of the Chevalier's illicit courtship was a point in favour of the husband. Nearer and nearer their hearts, the more frantic the efforts of the Chevalier to sunder them. Is it surprising, then, that in the end a duel—I suppose that I ought not to refer to the duel in "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier"—stirs husband and wife to fever-heat, tender embraces? and the end no doubt was the continuation of the family of Candale, for which the bungling successful General had given a superb patrimony. The Chevalier went off in disgust, like the lover in "Divorçons." I need not refer to the debt of MM. Sardou and de Najac. It is a vastly pretty piece, which probably will, certainly should, have a great success. The wit of the authors—I make no invidious distinction—and the prettiness of the theme render the piece charming. People of poor appetite may speak timidly of the surfeit, but no one should listen to them, since it is well known that you cannot have too much of a good thing, and no doubt "A Marriage of Convenience" is a very good thing. The critics—or ought I to say the hyper-critics?—pretend that there is a lack of the grand style in the acting, but all of them admit that Miss Emery is charming as the Comtesse, Mr. William Terriss gallant and pleasing as the Comte, Mr. Cyril Maude amusing as the Chevalier, Mr. Valentine entertaining as the General, and that Mr. Holman Clark is a capital Jasmin, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles quite brilliant as Margot.

Taking Miss Constance Collier as representative of Miss Macri, I am in no great difficulty concerning Byron's necessity for demanding the return of his heart, for she looked superb as the Maid of Athens, and sang quite prettily. In some other respects I am inclined to fear that there was less wisdom than courage in the choice of the title of the last of the musical go-as-you-pleases, yet, seeing that we are all aware of the indisposition of Mr. E. J. Lonnen, I think that no one would be so unkind as to judge the piece on its first-night performance, and I have not been to a second. After all, one must recognise the fact that a musical farce may be very good of its kind and yet not wholly successful on the first night; what then does it matter whether some of us ignominiously failed to understand the plot? After all, with the music of Dr. Osmond Carr, who never writes vainly, even if sometimes he may seem insufficiently jealous of his reputation, one is sure of bright, tuneful numbers, and easy, ear-catching melody, whilst to listen to the efforts of a chorus to pronounce the Greek words introduced by Mr. Adrian Ross into his chorus—to the discomfiture of the printer of the book of words—is quite a work of art. Rome was not built in a day, nor is Greek learnt in a month's rehearsals. Yet, which of us, even including the disconsolate inhabitants of Athens, knows how to pronounce the tongue of the Ancient Greeks? Why such a vivacious and successful person as Miss Louise Beaudet had not the name-part I am at a loss to guess, for certainly she seemed to be the chief favourite of the audience. Need I speak of the laborious Mr. Lonnen or of pretty Miss Ettie Williams, for once, I hope, deserting the higher paths?

And what about "Trilby"? Apparently the mania is not over yet. Not only was there a crowded house, but it seemed altogether enthusiastic. This is not the kind of play which one ought to see very often, and, since I had been to it more than once before the revival, I speak with

mitigation. Nobody pretends that the Du Maurier-Potter piece is a brilliant work of art, but let us fairly admit that it is a capital acting-play, though a little weak in the last act. Many of the original cast may still be seen. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's vivid part of Svengali cannot easily be forgotten, and Miss Baird, the Trilby, shows that increase in technical knowledge has not in any way robbed her of her charm. Mr. Lionel Brough, of course, is very funny as the Laird, and the new character-experiment of Mr. J. H. Barnes in the part of Taffy is very successful. The quality of Miss Rosina Filippi's Madame Vinard still asserts itself, and I should like to say a word in praise of the anonymous young lady who sang in the wings.

I wonder how long dramatists will present to us pictures of Irish gentlemen whose chief characteristics are being generous before just, open-handed before honest, and, above all, weak on the subject of drink. It may be that some Irish gentlemen are like this, and, if playwrights would hold them up as awful examples, no one could complain. To treat them as heroes is going a bit too far. There is a somewhat new turn given to the character of the hero of "An Irish Gentleman," seeing that he actually becomes teetotaler in order to save himself from ruin from drink, and to win a pretty heiress, who refuses to wed a toper. But even this leaves me untouched, and I fail to admire Gerald Dorsay. It must be admitted that a good many people seemed to take a fancy to him, and delight in his songs, and even to grow enthusiastic when he refused the treacherous whisky. So the curious melodrama, which shows how Gerald swore off for the sake of his cousin, manfully resisted drink during his year of probation, and yet was made to appear to have broken his vow by the scheme of two industrious villains, may succeed in bringing back fortune to the Globe. No small part of such success will be due to the able acting of pretty Miss Eva Moore, and the earnest, sound work of Mr. Reeves Smith. It was, however, Mr. J. B. Gordon who made the most valuable contribution. His picture of the unscrupulous Scots lawyer was quite vivid and impressive. I am told, too, that his accent was exceedingly good.

There was Scots accent also in "For the Honour of the Family," at the Comedy matinée, and I hear that Mr. Edmund Gurney gave it very well. Why Augier's play "Le Mariage d'Olympe" has never been given before I can hardly guess. In a version which had no remarkable merit, and was not presented with extraordinary ability, its force as an acting play was clearly seen. The picture of the infamous woman of the Tanqueray class who deceitfully married a man of good family out of sincere love—of a sort, and when she found the pure air of domestic life stifling became infamous again, is really dramatic.

The changes, however, that have been made by the adapter in no case are improvements, and lead to needless inconsistencies. It is curious that playwrights unknown to fame should often think they can improve the work of great masters—in some cases the attempted improvements show an ignorance of the true character of the original work. It seems to me, at the least, that the experiment proves that "Le Mariage d'Olympe" might be made successful in England, though it must be remembered that in its native land it did not have a long run. Miss Eleanor Lane, in the leading part, showed herself an actress of no little charm, skill, and resource, though her heavy task was hardly within her power.

It would be difficult to say how long "Caste" will hold a stage that has refused to accept any longer the other works of Robertson. The revival at the Court shows that it still can interest and move an audience. I heard no little laughter, saw some tears. Though no cleverer piece of work, I believe, has been done in the part of Eccles than that of Mr. John Hare, his fine, dry method—producing extremely comic effects in some scenes—on the whole hardly seems to suit so broadly drawn a part, and has the result of making it appear too vigorous a caricature. Miss May Harvey's Polly has acquired the womanly tone needed to give true value to its immense cleverness, and now is remarkably good. At first I did not like Miss Mona K. Oram's Esther, but in the second act she did some work of real beauty and pathos. The Sam Gerridge of young Mr. Hare is a capital piece of comic acting. I am still uncertain whether I care for the curious modern Captain Hawtree of Mr. Fred Kerr. Judging by the reception of Thursday, there is still plenty of life in the old play.

It is now thirty years (April, 1867) since "Caste" was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by the following company—

Hon. George D'Alroy	...	...	...	Mr. FREDERICK YOUNGE.
Captain Hawtree	...	...	...	Mr. BANCROFT.
Eccles	...	...	...	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.
Sam Gerridge	...	...	...	Mr. HARE.
Marquise de Saint-Maur	...	...	...	Miss LARKIN.
Esther Eccles	...	...	...	Miss LYDIA FOOTE.
Polly	...	...	...	Miss MARIE WILTON.

Such was the success of this most delightful of comedies that, after a season of laughter and tears in the little theatre off Tottenham Court Road, it went for a month to Liverpool, and then on to Manchester, and on each revival only won fresh laurels both for itself and its representers. It was also notable as one of the first pieces in which any attempt at realistic scenery had ever been made, the rooms were the first to have ceilings, and almost for thirteen years the "Cup and Saucer Comedy" held the boards, and was successfully revived by the Bancrofts at the Haymarket.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Ascot could not boast of a decent Grand Stand until Queen Victoria came to the throne. It was after the 1838 meeting that a move was made to improve the course generally, and to build a Stand more in keeping with the place. The first stone of the new Stand was laid by the Earl of Erroll, Master of the Buckhounds, on Jan. 16, 1839. It was built by Mr. Cuthell, of Oxford Street, from a design by Mr. Higgins, an architect of Watling Street. The building was 98 ft. long, 55 ft. broad, and 53 ft. from the ground-floor to the back of the roof. A rare lot of old ramshackle places were pulled down for what was then the finest Grand Stand in England. The money was raised by trustees and subscriptions invited, which were to be redeemed in twenty years. The trustees were granted a lease from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for sixty-one years at a nominal ground-rent, so that this will shortly expire.

Many strange scenes have been witnessed on Ascot Heath in connection with the race-meetings. Once the Duke of Cumberland, of

that Victor Wild will go very close, and they may be right, as Mr. Worton's horse has run well over this particular course before, and we saw at Kempton that he was in good trim. I shall expect to see him finish in the first flight, but, in my opinion, some of the lightly weighted ones will beat him. Balsamo has a great chance on paper, and I shall expect to see the Duke of Devonshire's horse win.

Major Clements, who acts as Clerk of the Course and lives on the spot, has been a good sportsman in his time. He used to ride as straight as the crow flies to hounds, and was fond of cricket. If I am not misinformed, the Major has written several very interesting articles on sport for some of the weekly papers. Major Clements visits the Ascot racecourse every day, including Sundays, the year through, and he certainly employs a lot of labour in keeping the grounds, stands, and courses in good order. It is a pity that water is so scarce at Ascot, or the track might be sprinkled, as is done at Hurst Park.

Goodwood prospects are of the rosiest, and already many of the large houses in the neighbourhood have been taken for the week. Mr. Dundas,



HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE HAILEY, NEWMARKET.

Culloden memory, having been told that a stag was capable of defending itself by its horns against any other animal, placed one in a wirework enclosure near the course, and sent a cheetah in to it. Thousands gathered round to see the sport. The stag succeeded in keeping off the cheetah by its antlers until the keepers, growing impatient, pricked up the wild beast, which at one bound cleared the wirework and rushed among the terrified crowd. He did no damage, however, and was soon captured by his keepers, with whom he was perfectly tame. Prize-fights have also been promoted on this Royal Heath during the intervals of racing, and altogether the present Ascot is a much better-managed function than it was in the past.

Every good sportsman is looking forward to the victory of Persimmon in the Gold Cup. The horse has been neither sick nor sorry throughout the winter, and he looks perfectly trained. His Royal Highness will come in for a big reception if the horse should win, and I can see nothing that is likely to beat him. I shall never forget the day Persimmon won the Coventry Stakes. I thought before the race he was beefy, and, indeed, I distinctly heard the Prince of Wales tell Lord Marcus Beresford that he did not expect to beat Meli Melo, but Persimmon sailed home the easiest of winners.

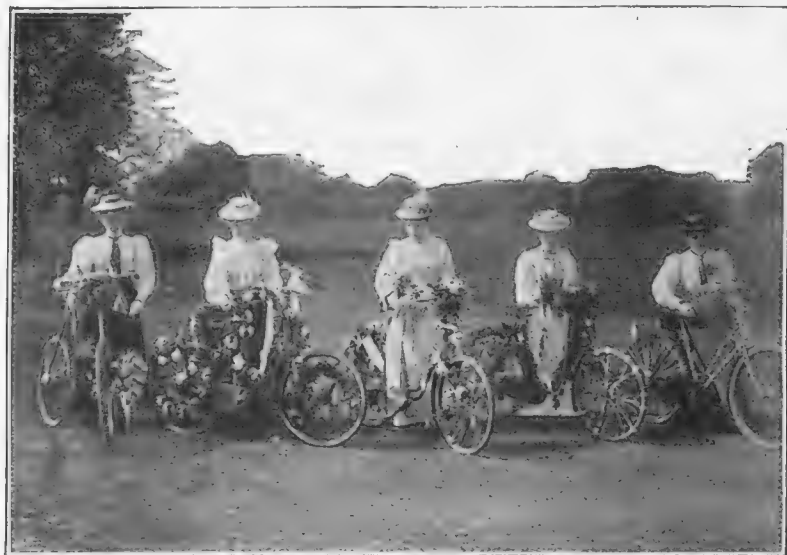
The Royal Hunt Cup has always been an interesting race, and this year the event will maintain its reputation. Many good judges think

the Clerk of the Course, has worked wonders since he has come into office, and the entries for the races are exceptionally good. One or two improvements might well be carried out at Goodwood. I think ladies should be allowed to see the racing from the County Stand, which joins the Paddock. Under existing conditions the ladies have to leave the Paddock for the Grand Stand long before the jockeys come out. Another improvement is suggested. Why not place more seats for the use of the general public on the lower lawn, and why not engage a band?

The chestnut colt House of Commons, by Common out of Cassimere, was bred by Mr. J. B. Wood, and sold by him to Mr. Simpson. The colt did not run as a two-year-old, and made his first appearance in the Guildford Handicap at Sandown Park on April 29 this year, when he ran unplaced to Wild Ray. House of Commons was at one time mentioned as having a good outside chance for the Derby, but he was not sent to Epsom. The colt holds engagements in the Forty-Fourth Triennial at Ascot, the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool, the Home County Plate at the Sandown Park September Meeting, the Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster, and in the Limekiln Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Mr. Simpson's horses are trained in the Far North, by W. W. Armstrong, at Penrith. Being a son of the mighty Common, of course the career of House of Commons will be watched with interest by scientific breeders and believers in big fees. It must, however, be admitted that up to now Common has not been a big success at the stud.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

A bicycle gymkhana was lately held in Evenley Park, Brackley (by kind permission of Mr. Allen). It was arranged by a Committee consisting of Mrs. Norris, Miss Bannerman, Mr. Norris, Mr. H. Colvin-



A BICYCLE GYMKHANA AT BRACKLEY.

Smith, and Mr. R. Bathurst. Nearly two hundred guests assembled to witness the performance, and were entertained by Sir George and Lady Bannerman. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Stratton.

Apropos of the portrait of Major Wingfield, which I gave last week, I may add that he comes of a very old Saxon family, who claim to have been located at Wingfield Castle when the Conqueror came over. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, where they lived till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are full of abbeys, castles, and monuments of this family. Easton Park, the property of the Duke of Hamilton, was built by the Wingfields, so also was Kimbolton Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Manchester. Major Wingfield himself is a member of the Royal Body Guard, of which corps two of his ancestors were Captains in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; he served previously in India and China with the King's Dragoon Guards.

I visited the other day the show-rooms of Messrs. Bagshawe Brothers and Co., 165 and 159, Queen Victoria Street, where a very unique display of English and American cycles can be seen. Every requisite for the sport which a cyclist is likely to want will be found in abundance. Messrs. Bagshawe have sole control of the trade in Great Britain for the well-known Sterling cycles, which are, without exception, as beautifully made and finished as anything extant in the shape of a bicycle. They are enamelled in a beautiful and characteristic olive-green, which is well set off by the polished plating, and are suited to every adaptation in the way of gear-cases, tyres, &c. If our lady readers only knew the beauty of the "Lady's Sterling" they would think a visit to the above-mentioned depôts well worth their time, and with Dunlop tyres and Westwood rims these machines are sure to prove a popular mount. Messrs. Bagshawe do not confine themselves to American machines, but are makers of the well-known Bee-Bee cycles, which are also good grade machines, and have caught on very much of late. Bagshawes, Limited, is, I understand, the name of the new company just formed to carry on henceforward this old-established business.

The playful *Pelican* often pokes fun at us with his long bill, and, bills being due about this time, I am not surprised to see him surpassing himself by thrusting to the front a contest likely to cause more than a passing flutter in cycling circles confined to members of the pretty sex. For *Pelican* is no respecter of persons, and all sorts and conditions of women figure in his latest "Smartest Lady Cyclist" competition. The Princess of Wales heads the list, a list which has no tail, for the name of its tail is legion. Madame de Cram, of Maison de Cram, is half-way down, or perhaps I should call it half-way up, considering the number of ladies now to be seen wearing her "divine little cycling-hats" in the Park. And the beautiful Trilby is there, and Miss Beatrice Lamb is there, and Miss Edith Johnson is there, and Miss Gertrude Kingston is there, likewise Miss Flo Beresford and Miss Birdie Sutherland, Lady Francis Hope and Lady Craven, Miss Marie Lloyd, Mrs. Chant, Mrs. Langtry, and many, many more. But where is Mdlle. Beany of the Aquarium and the flashing eye? *Ou est tu done, mon enfant?*

Four small and extremely neat cycling-maps have just been issued by Messrs. Player and Sons, of Navy-cut fame. The first shows London and district; the second, Warwickshire and district; the third, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire and district; the fourth, Nottingham and district. One word will describe them all. That word is—"Excellent."

"A Pedaller Abroad, being an illustrated narrative of the adventures and experiences of a Cycling Twain during a 1000 kilometre ride in and around Switzerland," is by Charles F. Simond, author of "Cycling in the High Alps," and published by Sir Joseph Causton and Sons,

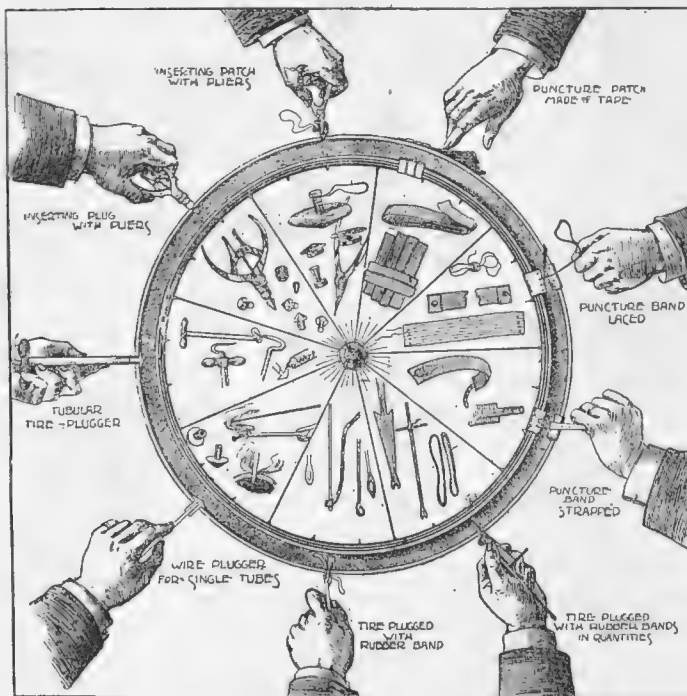
The title explains the contents of the book as a poster explains the contents of a newspaper. It is a well-illustrated little volume, and will interest the tourist anxious to emulate the example set by the author and his friend, who spent a three weeks' holiday on wheels in Switzerland.

The *Daily Mail* calls bicycle polo "the latest development of the bicycle craze," but I saw the game played in Ireland early in April of last year, and referred to in these notes in *The Sketch* of May 6, 1896. The idea of getting up a polo match, Ponies v. Bikes, strikes me as being an absurd one. I wonder what Captain F. Herbert of the *Polo Magazine* thinks of it? He should be able to speak with authority if anyone is able to do so.

There has been quite a boom lately in cycle tournaments, cycle fêtes, cycle gymkhanas, cycle races, and cycle calamities. Miss Violet Hanson, daughter of Sir Reginald Hanson, greatly distinguished herself at the Queen's Club in West Kensington recently. Indeed, the ladies had the best of it all round upon that occasion, as they so often do in this world. Then the Wheel Club at Hereford House in South Kensington lately gave a delightful "at home" and concert, at which everybody who is anybody was present. Presumably, the Beaumont Cycling Club find that a strong sun injures their tyres, for I read that many of its members recently carried out a successful "midnight ride from Woodford to Yarmouth." Numerous wheeling catastrophes occurred last week, but they call for no comment here. I am tired of writing warnings. So long as people choose to cycle without a bell, without a lamp, without common sense, common prudence, and a common brake, they deserve and must expect to be "broken on the wheel."

My attention has been drawn to an advertisement of "Ki-yi, or the Wheelman's Revenge." This is not, as might be supposed, the title of a "penny dreadful," but it is a very cruel shilling's-worth. "Ki-yi" seems to be an instrument designed to inflict excruciating pain upon wretched dogs that happen to annoy nervous cyclists by barking at them. "Ki-yi," says the advertisement, is an ammonia-gun. A few drops of diluted aqua ammonia shot from the nozzle of the "Ki-yi" will teach the bicycle-chasing dog a lesson he will not soon forget. Furthermore, a rider declares that a dog so shot can be heard howling miles away. The advertisement ends, "What tourist has not wished for one of these?" For my own part, I think the inventor of such an instrument would be none the worse for a little "leathering." Prize-fighting is often called a brutalising form of "sport," but it never occurred to me before that such a charge could be brought against cycling. Yet that is evidently the effect it has had upon the mind of the inventor of the "Ki-yi." The fact of a dog chasing a cyclist may be annoying—it is equally annoying when one is driving—but that is neither here nor there. I am quite sure that, if any cyclist were to use this weapon upon a dog of mine, I should promptly wreck his machine and give him the worst thrashing he ever received. Perhaps the S.P.C.A. will look into the matter and prosecute persons using the "Ki-yi." It is, of course, unnecessary to advise readers of *The Sketch* not to use such an instrument.

The question of the carriage of cycles by rail has found its way even into Parliament. The President of the Board of Trade has lately been asked to bring his influence to bear upon the various railway companies in order to induce them to provide better accommodation for the conveyance of cycles, to reduce the rates, and to supply at the left-luggage office more suitable provision for their storage and safe keeping. It is to be hoped that the intervention of so high an authority may bear fruit, to the advantage of the cycling public.



HOW TO MEND A PUNCTURED TYRE.  
Reproduced from the New York "World."



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

One of the amazing things in this most amazing of all possible worlds is the rapidity with which time rushes past us. Here we are well into June, and the Season seems to have scarcely started, notwithstanding the quick succession of balls and squashes which have crowded each other into oblivion for weeks past. Worse and worse, people all predict an incorrigibly short Season, and already the usual interchange of friendly inanities includes the inevitable question of where one is going to after the Jubilee. With a good many this is mere pose, as a matter of fact. There is a certain section who will always be the last to show up at a party and the first to go, because it behoves the ultra-smart to be very

Embroideries in paste and small silver sequins are carried out in a graceful garlanded design on the skirt, which is of bright pink satin. The bodice, quite a little work of art, is made with the lower part gathered, while the upper half is tight. Frills of pink and white mousseline-de-soie trim the front, which is cut square. The sleeves, set very high, are made in three frilled flounces of the mousseline, a very becoming style, be it understood, to those whose lines of beauty do not include wide shoulders. Black velvet throat- and wrist-bands, fastened with diamond buckles, are to be worn as an accompaniment to this dress—one other old fashion which is promised a universal revival. What one may come to in the matter of fashion it is, in fact, impossible to forecast. Had anyone told me three months ago that the early Victorian bonnet, for instance, in all its unabridged ugliness, would be taken so seriously as to figure



PINK AND SILVER.

FOULARD IN LARGE CHECK.

much engaged. Similarly, this idea of deserting town immediately after the great week is being duly discussed by many who, if they were really in the swim, would know that an immense amount of entertaining will devolve next month on those representative hostesses whose lives lie in political and diplomatic places, and potentates from far lands will, perforce, be distributed for private circulation among "the set," whose hospitable duties will thus extend well into the idea of late summer. Apropos of official entertainments, it was the Indian and Egyptian contingent that created the evening's sensation at Sir Edmund and Lady Monson's Embassy party in Paris last week, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, in an Indian dress that out-Arabianed the Arabian Nights' tradition, so overhung was it with jewels, being a foremost figure among Far East visitors, and then the Special Envoys from Morocco made strange but pleasing incongruity amongst the costumes of later-day Parisiennes. There were one or two wonderful mandarins and a group of Egyptian Mission officials to leaven the mass of up-to-date military and diplomatic uniforms—stray bits of local colour, to speak irreverently of those inimitable habiliments which will figure more frequently in town entertainments as the Season mounts to its climax.

Reverting to that part of costume which more intimately concerns us at this juncture, I have had here illustrated a very lovely little gown, similar to one made for the daughter of the French President.

forth in the Park in appreciable numbers, I should have made superior mental reservations on that person's mental condition; and yet here is the obnoxious article flaunting gaily in our midst with poke and plumes all complete. I have even seen tulle borders worn inside the brim as per 1840 fashion-paper woodcuts, and it now only requires the "jaw strings" of tradition to reproduce the Victorian poke-bonnet verbatim. As a set-off and antidote, I am glad to see that toques are more becoming than ever as manipulated this year. On the next page is one, to which I kiss my hand, made up of the new fancy straw in bright pink. The brim, irregularly waved, sits prettily on the hair; a fancifully treated crown is surrounded by a frilled ruche of pink mousseline, paler in tone than the straw; rosettes of ivory mousseline are placed at intervals, while a white feather and black brush aigrette are set up at the right side. Scarlet poppies are the forthcoming fashionable flower. Mixed with narrow black velvet loops and white osprey, I saw a very smart hat evolved some days since, the shape being made of drawn and gathered scarlet tulle.

This ideal garden-party weather has been availed of to any extent within the past week, and "peach-cup and parasols" have been in most successful evidence among afternoon arrangements on green lawn and garden. Simplicity is rather the day's order among *parapluies* this year, embellishment running rather to the handles, which are unusually gorgeous. The chess-board pattern, similar to that illustrated in one of



these gowns, is the smartest wear of the moment in Paris, and a parasol in pink and white inch-square checks, with three ruches of black lace, took precedence of all others at Hurlingham on Saturday. The stick of ebony, with a chased silver handle, was ornamented further with an inlaid Louis Quatorze design in gold. Another of pale-green taffetas with a folding handle of green lacquered wood reproduced the tiny shape in favour when the Queen was young, and was scarcely larger than the black picture-hat it covered.

Foulard and still more foulard is the cry of the fashionable hour, and one which will figure in the Enclosure on Cup Day is being made by



CERISE STRAW WITH BLACK AIGRETTE.

Worth; the colour a full shade of pink, with a design of flowers and foliage in white and black. Valenciennes in both colours trims the sides of apron; sun-pleated panels of black mousseline-de-soie are let into the skirt at both sides, overlaid with white Valenciennes insertion. A blouse corsage, sun-pleated back and front, of black mousseline has a smart bolero of pink silk under beautiful embroidery. The waistband of mauve moiré has a neck-trimming to correspond, very much interspersed with lace. A Dutch bonnet of gold embroidery over cream, with pink wings and ivory lace, is to go with it; the parasol being of pink taffetas, veiled with écarlawn inlaid with embroidery, and with little flounces of black and white lace. The handle, a separate thing of beauty, is of Malacca cane, with rock-crystal top inlaid with tiny flowers of

oxidised steel, in the centres of which are set small diamonds. All things considered, I think this young woman ought to make a very successful appearance. Whether this checked foulard will appeal to any but devotees of the tartan and crossed-bar device I know not, but, at all events, in the original it strikes a very smart and uncommon note of colour, the chess-board check being of porcelain-blue and ivory, both shades so soft as not to fly at one's eyes, notwithstanding so deliberate a pattern. An under-skirt of plain blue matches the tone in check. The bodice, very daintily made, has a yoke of white silk inlaid with finely pleated and embroidered cambric. The bolero, of black silk trimmed with spangles and embroidery, has a little flounce and ruffle of black point-d'esprit. The waistband, of ivory silk edged with bias blue velvet, crosses in front and is fastened with three buttons of gold and blue enamel. The much be-fussed neck-trimming has a touch of dull-pink taffetas, which also shows on the pointed cuffs with the best effect.

Putting aside the fashions, which were all that is of the most ineffable, it was really worth doing Whitsuntide in Paris, if only to see the whole length of the Allée des Acacias draped in garlands of real flowers for the yearly fête, which, for a wonder, was this time treated to perfect weather. As to the occupants' rival carriages, ingenuity seemed to have exhausted itself in the effort to create new effects. One well-known lady sat in a dome made entirely of mauve orchids, with which her victoria was practically, poetically, and expensively covered. Another was "done" throughout in white lilac. A third, and one which, being most fragrant, particularly affected me to rapture, was covered with pink carnations. These flowers had not been subjected to the chemical process—which preserves the colour but destroys the fragrance of cut-flowers—which is now so much used both by London and French florists, as it prolongs the fresh appearance of *blasé* blooms which have already seen life for two or three days in the shop-window.

Talking of sweet odours and essences brings the grateful subject to mind of a new perfume, which, when it becomes known, will probably become the "only wear" of many smart women whose discrimination will not admit of the full-flavoured essences at which "a lady of quality" now looks askance. Time was when the cloying delights of musk and ambergris in all their unadulterated potency were the invariable accompaniment of modish damsels; so much so, indeed, that one involuntarily connects these old-world perfumes with the heirloom dower-chest, whose brocades and fine linen emit faint, mustily sweet reminiscences of forgotten hours. Other times other tastes, however, and one asks in genuine amazement how such a dainty, fair, and delicate dame as Marie Antoinette could so generously indulge in the overpowering odours of musk as that the very walls of her apartments at Versailles were still redolent when, only a few years ago, alterations in the masonry necessitated the removal of some historic stone and mortar in the Queen's apartments.

Now we are more discriminating in our affections, and the essence that will establish itself on fashion's dressing-table must be as faint as it is fragrant, and the more subtle its presence the more sure is its success. Rhine Violet, as a case in point, owes its immediate and inevitable popularity to these special qualities, and the inventor of this perfume *par excellence* has quite recently evolved another equally delightful though distinct combination of flower-extracts, which recalls the fresh

and delicate atmosphere of some well-known blossoms in quite an exquisite flavour. The name given to this crowning point in perfume is "Rhine Gold," and the sole London agency is at 62, New Bond Street, where the famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne is also located, having received its name and number from that well-known shop in the Glockengasse which has for a hundred years and more been the halting-place of passers-by from every country. A new soap, strongly redolent of white lilac, from which it receives its title, has also been recently introduced. At sixpence for each large tablet, or five-and-sixpence the box of one dozen, this savon is both cheap and charming, and bestows a grateful air of fragrance in the dressing-room. Smelling-salts in either Lavender or Cologne Water, put up in smart cut-glass bottles, is a possession that in this particular guise should be universally acquired, its price being moderate as its parts are perfect. What Mr. Sugden agitatedly describes as "selling-smalts" in that immortal piece "A Night Out," is, in fact, the crux of the toilet-table, and in crisis or commonplace moments we find it equally indispensable.

Another charming old fashion which has obtained with enthusiasm is the small painted and spangled fan, "whose only use," as the astute Frenchman long ago remarked, is "coquetry." Certainly, it has fewer pretences to utility than the large Spanish or Japanese versions of this flirtatious instrument, but is none the less—or perhaps, one should say all the more—seductive. Journeying down to Drapers' Hall in the City quite lately with a friend, whose chiefest joy lies in collecting fans, I found the time well bestowed, when, on arrival, a most portentous display of all kinds, sizes, sorts, and periods was found to have been got together with infinite skill and pains. Without making invidious distinctions, it must still be recorded that a collection which was in the highest degree representative and artistic was summed up in the London Glove Company's exhibit under Class G. The separate and subtle differences which marked the art of fan-decoration under each Louis was recognisable to the connoisseur, and many quite uncommonly good specimens of painting, medallion, landscape, and figure subjects, were worthy of the highest praise.

In Paris it seems that all kinds of wonderful batiste, cambric, and silk underclothing are being made for the most fashionable lady cyclists. I hear of chemises in the finest cambric or mull, all let in with Valenciennes lace, with knickers made to match, both garments being tied up with different delicate-coloured ribbons. Not content with these diaphanous garments, these leaders of fashion are said to wear the most exquisite corsets in the same lovely colours. And—dare I breathe it?—many yards of gay-coloured ribbons, and even real lace, are used in the construction of the necessary garter. Charming as all these fascinating garments must sound, I cannot help thinking that ladies could not possibly attempt any long rides unless they eschewed such light fabrics.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. ALLHILL.—(1) There is a large liberty in the matter of dress for these occasions, but I should think you would find it best to go *en grande tenue*. At the same time, a tailor-made is quite admissible. (2) Regarding your suggestion, which I think most practical, it is curious that something of the sort has been actually done, for, within the last fortnight, a whole batch of Leveson's Bath-chairs and invalid-carriages has been despatched from 90, New Oxford Street, for the use of Greek soldiers wounded in the late war. (3) Undoubtedly the Sanitas Disinfectant Soap is, of all others, the one for your purpose.

JUNE (Southampton).—The best admixture for black and white is either pink or cherry-colour—perhaps the latter for choice. The parasol to match you can get at Peter Robinson's. I have seen some there of black-and-white tartan lined with cerise. One had the handle of natural bamboo, with rock-crystal head and a gold garter, which was extremely charming.

YOUNG WIFE.—I sympathise with your housekeeping cares, and have thought out a *chic* little luncheon for your friends on the 22nd which should obtain a measure of approval. Here it is: Darné de Saumon; Sauce Norvégienne; Aspic de Cailles à la Richelieu; Pâté de Gibier Bohémienne; Jambon d'York Glacé; Salade de Romaine; Bœuf Braisé à l'Épicure; Gelée Romanoff; Macedoine des Fruits; Gâteau Chocolat. The Romanoff jelly is the only item requiring explanation. It is made with champagne, sections of peaches, and caraway seeds. Apricots may be used, but are not so good, and only a few caraway seeds, of course; but that may be left to your cook, no doubt.

SYBIL.

In connection with the Handel Festival to-morrow and Friday, the Brighton Railway Company are arranging to run special fast trains from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and London Bridge, direct to the Palace.

Passengers who purpose visiting Ascot to-day, to-morrow, or Friday, by the Great Western Railway to Windsor, and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park, are informed that on each of the race-days special fast trains for Windsor will leave Paddington at convenient times, returning in the evening, and that well-appointed brakes will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back.

During the summer season personal luggage of passengers by Midland Railway will be collected from their residences in towns from which tourist tickets are issued (where the company do their own carting), and delivered at any place within the usual limits of free delivery at Buxton, Lancaster, Morecambe, Southport, and Blackpool, at a charge of one shilling per package, including collection and delivery.

The South-Eastern Railway Company have this season again brought into operation the arrangements for collection and delivery of luggage in advance.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on June 25.*

## MONEY.

Money keeps very plentiful, and there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of its becoming dearer. The Bank Return last week showed that the movements had been unimportant. Notwithstanding the fact that £232,000 was received from abroad, the bullion decreased £214,071, owing to the requirements for coin in connection with the holidays. As notes, however, came back on balance for £219,930, the reserve was increased by nearly £6000, its proportion to the current liabilities being unaltered at 50·55 per cent. The public deposits have declined by £154,000, but, on the other hand, private deposits are £183,000 higher.

## LAST ACCOUNT.

To a great extent the fluctuations shown in the Making-up Prices at the Settlement last week represented the operations for clearing the ground in anticipation of a fresh start after the Jubilee ceremonies. But there were exceptions, one or two of which are worth noting. The first is the all-round rise in American Rails. That can have little or nothing to do with the Jubilee, but, in spite of the contraction of general business, these shares and bonds have been going up by leaps and bounds, and it is quite a novelty to find the Making-up Price-list record such changes as a rise of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in Atchison Preference; 6 in Canadian Pacific;  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in Milwaukee;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in Erie Preference;  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in Illinois Central, and so on. The advance, moreover, has been well sustained up to the time of writing. Certainly, the American situation looks much better than it did; but beware of those who predict a "boom" in Yankees. Going on precedents, there is to be a boom ere long in something; but it will not be in American Rails. These may go steadily up, though that is doubtful; but when the public speculative mind is strung up to concert-pitch, the rush will be for mining shares first—probably Kaffirs or Westralians, possibly New Zealanders or British Columbians; or even, as a remote contingency, the once important Miscellaneous mining market. But, as matters now stand, we are very, very sceptical of the permanence of any speculative movement which does not radiate from mines—"mines, mines, *toujours* mines."

## AFRICAN BANKING.

One of the chief features of the Bank Share Market during the past few weeks has been the firm tone exhibited in the shares of African banks. Thus it will be noted that Standard Bank of South Africa shares, which stood at £59 about a month ago, are now quoted something like £63. The other South African institutions have also participated in the rise, although to nothing like the same extent. Considering the sensitive nature of bank shares, it says a good deal for the holders that they have retained them so firmly during the anxious times through which the country has been passing, and it would indicate that they have great faith in ultimate friendly settlement of the differences now existing with the Transvaal Government. Mr. Webb, who presided at the annual meeting of the African Banking Corporation last week, expressed the opinion that the relations between the British Government and that of the Boers had improved. Although somewhat guarded in his remarks, Mr. Webb, however, seems to think that the prospects are now becoming fair, and that business will resume its normal activity. The pushing ahead of railway enterprise will doubtless add materially to the welfare of the country at large.

## KAFFIRS.

The satisfactory returns from the Rand infused a considerable amount of strength into the market last week, and when it became known that the aggregate Rand yield for May was 12,607 ounces higher than the record return for April the buying became more general. Another factor which tended to improve the tone of the market was the substantial profit reported by the Henry Nourse Company for the month of May. The amount was no less than £15,153, being an increase of £1886 on the previous month, and a dividend of 50 per cent. was declared. Although the Robinson Mine increased its yield for the month to the extent of 2774 ounces, the profit of £35,000 reported shows no alteration from that of April. There were several other satisfactory improvements in the returns, which were duly reflected in the prices of shares.

## SUEZ CANAL.

The receipts of this company for 1896 amounted to the substantial sum of 82 million francs, against 80 million in 1895, and 77 million in 1894. This shows very satisfactory progress. The dividend of 92½ francs is the same as that for 1895. The Committee explain that this stationary dividend is not owing so much to a desire to meet a possible decline of revenue in coming years as to a determination to swell the fund for new plant and buildings, which has now reached nearly four million. The chairman also pointed out that the receipts had been swollen by the passage of military expeditions through the canal, that these could not be expected to recur, and that to guard against great fluctuations in the market value of the shares it was expedient by judicious additions to the reserve fund to make the dividend almost as steady as the coupons of French Rentes. This seems a sound policy. A credit of 250,000 francs was unanimously adopted for a statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps at Port Said, the chairman urging that this should be a monument worthy both of the company and its illustrious founder.

## ARGENTINES.

There is a lot of uncertainty as to what is going to happen in Argentina with regard to the consolidation of the External Debt. The theory has been put forward that, when the scheme is actually propounded, it must comprise, as a *sine quâ non*, the redemption at par of the loans, with special hypothecations, so as to release the hypothecated revenues, such as the Customs duties. That argument, we are afraid, is rather far-fetched. It is not in accordance with Argentine precedents to adopt such a course. The redemption of the special lien, if effected at all, is much more likely to be sought on the basis of Market values; and, if we are right in that view, there is every reason for congratulation on every rise of a point which takes place in the Argentine Customs Loan.

## ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

We were rather surprised that the companies engaged in this class of business have not been more prominently to the front in canvassing for policies in connection with the Jubilee. It goes without saying that there will be any amount of accidents, and, at first sight, the occasion appeared to offer a grand opportunity for the energetic agent to secure new business. But, as there does not appear to have been any abnormal activity in that direction, there occurs to us as a possible explanation that the companies are not particularly keen on getting business, thinking that their ordinary rates of premium would not be adequate cover for the risk, and that the Celebration and its results can be more effectively used after than before they have become history.

## THE CHATHAM DEBENTURE ISSUE.

It will be interesting to see the result of the tenders for the £150,000 of Three per Cent. Debenture stock of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. Without raking up ancient records, we cannot positively say that the method of issue is unprecedented for an English railway company; but it certainly is a novelty. The method is none the worse on that account. On the contrary, we think it is an admirable plan to put up securities, as it were, for auction. That is what this prospectus practically amounts to. There is a reserve price of £103 per £100 of stock, and its value in excess of that is left to be determined by the applicants themselves. The result will not be known until after we have gone to press, so we do not venture into the field of prophecy.

## A HAPPY THOUGHT.

In all seriousness we propound a suggestion occurring to us in connection with what we have just said regarding the Chatham Company's debenture issue. Why should not the shares of new companies be offered for tender? The minimum price would have, of course, to be par or over, as shares must not be issued or allotted at a discount. But the adoption of this method would let the public buy at its own valuation. On reconsideration, however, we see two objections. One would be that such a procedure would increase the existing grave abuse of creating bogus premiums before allotment; another would be that promoters would never consent to any arrangement which debarred them from their recognised privilege of making allotments to their friends when the issue is a success and there is a genuine premium, and to outsiders when the response is meagre.

## HOME RAILS.

We must confess to feeling very puzzled over the course of prices in Home Rails of late. Nobody seems to be able to make up his mind as to what effect the Jubilee traffic is likely to have on prices. The Market is all at sixes-and-sevens with conflicting ideas as to the probable increase of passenger traffic, the probable concurrent result in an increase of working expenditure, the probable loss from the disorganisation of merchandise traffic, the concentration of a whole summer's passenger business into a week or two, and so on *ad infinitum*. The last point mentioned is one to which we are inclined to attach very considerable importance. It stands to reason that if the passenger traffic is largely swollen for the Jubilee celebrations it must be because people are incurring unusual expenditure, and this must tell upon the normal pleasure-trips of the summer. On the other hand, it is pointed out with cogency that the Jubilee has brought, or will bring, many visitors from abroad, who will not rush off immediately, but will stop to see something of the country, and so keep the passenger business lively during the summer and autumn. Another point is the fear very generally entertained that the favourable effects of the Jubilee have been already fully discounted in prices, and that even bumper traffics would no longer have any special influence. It may turn out so; the whole situation is an enigma. But, quite apart from the special event, the traffic returns to date are most satisfactory, including, as they do, such aggregate increases as—Great Eastern £79,462; Great Northern £71,157; Great Western £94,200; London and North-Western £134,719; Midland £197,782; North-Eastern £112,127.

## GREGORY AND Co.

We understand that the committee of inspection of this estate, or some of them, are very dissatisfied with our remarks on the subject in our issue of June 2. We do not quite understand what is the matter, but if the committee, or the dissatisfied members, will write to us, we shall be happy to correct the mistakes (if any) we may have unintentionally made.

## ALLSOPP'S ORDINARY.

A strong tip reaches us that Allsopps are worth buying as a gamble. It is said that a working agreement as to the price of beer has been come to with Bass and Co., and that the dividend will be a good one. We give the tip for what it may be worth.



## NEW ZEALAND MINING.

Next week we shall publish a most interesting letter from our New Zealand correspondent on the Karangahake field, including an account of such well-known mines as the Crown, the Woodstock, and the Talisman.

## THE ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Under the presidency of Mr. Frederick Gordon, of the Gordon Hotels and Apollinaris fame, this is not a bad gamble. A very small amount of the capital is taken by the vendors, and a very large amount will be available for working capital. The Corporation has a charter direct from the Government, and their possessions cover about ninety square miles. The directorate is a powerful one, and we believe that it will probably be difficult to get an allotment, as the company will not issue less than a hundred shares to anybody, and only intend to issue £125,000 of the capital at the present time. It is not intended to advertise the concern in the usual way, as no difficulty is expected about getting the money. A private circular states that not more than five shillings per share will be called up during the current year, and, taking everything into consideration, we think the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation starts under exceptionally promising circumstances, while it is fortunate in being under such able presidency.

## THE INVERELL DIAMOND-FIELDS.

We have received an impudent letter from a person of the name of Palmer, at Inverell, in the Colony of New South Wales, dated from a public-house in the township on April 23 of this year. In the exercise of our duty, we had to warn the English public that, if they invested in the Inverell Diamond-Fields, Limited, they would, we thought, lose their money, and we said we "did not believe there was a square yard of payable diamond-ground in the whole of New South Wales," which remark seems to have excited the ire of the correspondent in question, who proceeds to attack us as follows—

This statement I characterise as a deliberate falsehood and a gross libel on the Colony. If the writer knew anything at all of the Colony, he would know that many thousands of carats of diamonds have been exported to London from this field during the past two years. Furthermore, I am prepared to prove that the statements in the prospectus of the Inverell Diamond-Fields, Limited, relating to the diamond production of this field are substantially correct. I am not in the habit of wasting time writing to newspapers, but when a presumably respectable paper descends to such courses it is time to protest. Let the writer, if he has the courage, come forward and try to prove his statements. I may add that a further denial of these statements of yours will probably be made from an official source.—I am, &c.,

J. E. PALMER,  
Acting-Manager, Inverell Diamond-Fields, Limited, N. S. Wales.

Cheap abuse and vague statements about things in general are easy to write in even better English than Mr. Palmer appears capable of, but if by such rubbish he expects to convince us that New South Wales Diamonds are going to return dividends to English shareholders, when they could never be made to pay the Colonial speculators who exploited them for years—indeed, until they were sick of it—any return upon their money, he is greatly mistaken. To prove a negative is, of course, quite impossible, and so recognised by everybody with an ounce of brains, and to deal with every square yard of a country bigger than France by way of proof that it is not payable diamondiferous land is absurd; but we challenge Mr. Palmer to show any instance of land being worked in New South Wales for diamonds over a period of twelve months, and returning a profit on the working. He must give figures and dates, the amount of capital expended, the quantity of loads washed, and the yield per load. We never said that no diamonds had been obtained in New South Wales; but what we did say, and repeat here, is that no diamondiferous land has ever yet been worked at a profit upon the capital sunk in the enterprise. The matter is easily capable of proof. We await Mr. Palmer's facts and figures.

## ISSUES.

Bagshawes, Limited.—The well-known business of Messrs. Bagshawe Brothers and Co. is to be converted into a joint-stock company under the above title, with a capital of £120,000, of which £100,000 is now offered for subscription and £20,000 reserved for future issue. The business is well known, and was founded eleven years ago. It consists of selling cycles and cycle accessories, together with tools and cycle-manufacturing plant. The company will be the sole agents for the Bee-Bee cycles, and have control of the Sterling and Banner American machines, in addition to which the sole agency for the New Cooper Cycle Fittings Company has been secured in London, Birmingham, Coventry, and Manchester. The purchase price is fixed at £80,000, leaving £20,000 available for working capital.

The Parkhurst Theatre, Limited.—When we took up this prospectus we thought for a moment that it was the West Australian (Gold Districts) Trading Concern over again; but, looking in vain for Mr. Goodman's name, we remembered that Sir Edward Lee was quite entitled to figure on as many boards as he could obtain or promoters were complaisant enough to allow, without nasty rude boys recalling unpleasant memories. The prospectus is about as unconvincing a document as we ever saw. Fancy asking the public (or even a baby) to believe that "its (the company's) revenue is almost wholly derived from non-speculative sources, inasmuch as the management place before their patrons only high-class plays which have proved successes at the leading West-End theatres!"

Flower and Sons, Limited, the well-known brewers, are offering £150,000 4 per cent. Mortgage Debenture stock at 112. The price is very high, but there is no question as to the security, which is overwhelming.

The Granville Theatre of Varieties, Limited.—If having music-hall artists for directors is any advantage, this affair ought to succeed; but, as it is formed to put up a new music-hall near Walham Green, and nobody even suggests the place can be opened (that is, making money) before Christmas next, we advise our readers to keep their money in their pockets for the present.

The Gazzwell Steam Fishing Company, Limited.—This company proposes to carry on from Grimsby the business of steam-trawling, and is issuing 4½ per cent. debentures, together with preference and ordinary shares. The debentures appear amply covered, and in addition are guaranteed by the Law Guarantee and Trust Society, whose name stands high. The security offered to the debenture-holders appears, therefore, sufficiently good for people who are content with a

4½ per cent. investment. The concern will be directed by a practical man, and if steam-trawling can be made a paying business, the company should do well.

The Pure Acetylene Gas and Carbide Company, Limited.—This is one of those prospectuses which make one wonder at the low estimate of the public wisdom which promoters, as a rule, take. Sampson Fox when he floated water-gas certainly put together a document which appeared to present a reasonable chance of making a fortune; but, as far as we can see, the promoters of this concern think solid facts and figures quite unnecessary. There are hosts of Acetylene patents, all probably equally valuable or valueless, and why the promoters of this concern should get £57,000 for some about which they evidently don't care to publish Mr. Molton's opinion we are at a loss to understand.

The Harris Fraser River Gold Recovery Company, Limited.—This is a company for working the bed of the Fraser River for five miles near Harrison in British Columbia. We have often read fairy stories about the wealth of river-beds, but the experience of the English public in this direction has been most unfortunate, and, indeed, the promoters of this concern have been obliged to go to New Zealand and quote some local companies there to find a paragraph which will make their prospectus look a little more attractive. It is a far cry, too, from British Columbia to New Zealand, and we fail to see the advantage of the New Zealand figures given. Our strong advice to speculators is, "leave this concern alone."

Saturday, June 12, 1897.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WM.—What you ask is not easy, and you must recognise that all such purchases are very speculative. Try (1) Bonanza, (2) Transvaal Gold, (3) Croydon Consols.

L. H.—We have no very good opinion of the concern you inquire about, and do not think the pref. shares are a desirable investment.

BEN.—We think well of the African concern mentioned by you, but not so well of the Australian. Hold No. 1 at any rate.

INQUIRY.—We wrote to you on the 9th inst., and are obliged for your answer. We should not purchase the shares offered in Burbank's Consols and Burbank's North; when companies come down to this kind of touting to get off their shares, we advise that they should be left alone. We should not sell Highland Railway Ordinary; but, on the other hand, we cannot advise you to add to your holding at present.

G. D. H.—You cannot get butter out of a dog's mouth, nor have you the least chance of getting your £25 from the company's bankers. We advise you to try, if you doubt the correctness of what we say.

ANXIOUS.—We see no reason for you to part with your *Lady's Pictorial* or C. A. Pearson's shares if it is an investment you want, as we regard both as quite safe to pay their dividends. Paquin ordinary shares we do not care for, and if we held them we should sell.

VISTA.—The company is over-capitalised. If the cycle trade were to get slack, we do not see how the dividends could be kept up. We are not bicycle experts, and certainly are not going to say whether this company's machines are well made or not. If you want a scientific opinion, write to Mr. C. W. Brown, care of the C. T. C., 47, Victoria Street. They have at least a good repute with the public, and fetch a high price. A large business is being done at present.

J. S.—See last answer.

EXIT.—Do not buy the Waterworks stock.

W. N. T.—We are glad Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co. were able to give you the information you required.

MICAWBER.—(1) We do not like these furniture shares, which are being pushed by the baser sort of tout. It is too early to speak from experience. (2) Hit or Miss may rise or fall, but they have no merits. (3) These shares are high enough, in our opinion. If you want a speculation, buy Allsopp's Ordinary or Schweppe Ordinary.

SILURIAN.—You have, of course, been swindled, and, if you will go into these blind pools, you must expect it. As a matter of law, you can neither recover your "cover" nor your profit, in consequence of the last Gaming Act; but we advise you to get a solicitor to write a strong letter, and, if necessary, issue a City of London Court plaint. We think the rogues would rather pay than face the publicity of a trial.

INVESTOR.—To give an opinion on fifteen different companies is a rather tall order. (1) Like all cycle companies, speculative, see answer to "Vista." (2) Second-rate. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7) All good banks. (8) A poor sort of brewery. (9) A good ditto. (10) We do not like it. (11) Very good investment. (12 and 14) Fair second-rate securities. (13) Very good. (15) Ought to be safe, but too much puffed by touts. We should hold 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, and 13. As to the others, it depends on what you want. As speculative holdings they are not bad.

A. J. E.—(1) If you wish to risk more money, you might tender for more than your proportion, but don't do so as high as you suggest. (2) Yes. (3) We have been very disappointed with this concern, but the people connected with it still appear to believe the future will prove what they told us to be true. (4) The company should not want more money again; if the mine won't pay with the additional capital now got together, it will be good enough to give up.

RIDER.—(1) The cycle market is in a very bad state, but we should not advise you to sell your Dunlop Deferred in the middle of this panic. Of course, the capital is too big, but you will probably be able to get out on better terms than at the moment of writing. (2) *Lady's Pictorial* Five per Cent. Preference are the cheapest thing we know for a reasonable investment.

ALPHA.—Imperial Continental Gas stock for an investment, and Allsopp's for a speculation.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Jubilee celebrations, this paper must go to press earlier than usual for our issue of June 23. We have again to ask the indulgence of our correspondents on this account.

How many people can see the Jubilee? If they rely on Harrod's Stores, a goodly number are sure to do so, for Harrod's have secured by far the largest number of the most convenient and best-situated sites and mansions on the route, notably, the New Traveller's Club, Piccadilly; Carlton Hotel site, at the corner of Pall Mall and Haymarket; St. Martin's Church site, between the National Gallery and the Strand; the Mocha Restaurant and Simpson's, both in the Strand; Alexander's, Cheapside, and Atkinson's, Westminster Bridge Road; besides various well-placed furnished private houses and extensive house-fronts, affording a full and uninterrupted enjoyment of the most attractive holiday of the year. At most of their sites they will supply refreshments.

The South-Western Railway Company will run additional trains to London on the morning of Jubilee Day, at ordinary rates, from all stations within a radius of about fifty miles. They also cater well for Ascot.